

25 Cents *April-1928*

The **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*



*Complete Details of The American Legion Monthly-
Houghton Mifflin Company*

\$25,000 **PRIZE WAR
NOVEL CONTEST**



GALLEY SLAVES

WITH ACHING BODIES stung by a whip-lash, the galley slaves forced their clumsy boats along. A tragic picture!

And to-day, by contrast, the electric motors of one American electric ship have the combined energy of a million men and drive thousands of

tons of steel through the water at amazing speed.

Electric motors are modern slaves that shoulder the hard tasks of life, moving materials, speeding machinery, lifting burdens from the backs of men.

On sea or land, in industry, at home or on the farm, electricity is the great civilizer.



Three hundred galley slaves, pulling hard on the oars, could generate power. Yet one G-E thirty-horsepower motor would have moved the ship faster. There are General Electric motors that wash and iron clothes; that sweep floors; that turn tiny lathes or mighty machinery. Look for the G-E emblem on electric equipment—it is a guarantee of service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



HOW I Discovered the Secret of Making \$7500 a Year and More!

Here Are Some Amazing Inside Facts About Success As Discovered by a Man Who Has **TRIPLED** His Former Earnings in 3 Short Months! Read This Interesting Message Without Fail!

By N. C. Paige—Star Salesman After 3 Months' Experience

\$104 in 3 days! \$80 an hour! \$7,500 to \$10,000 a year!

Those are figures I was only dreaming about a few months ago. Then they seemed as far out of reach as the moon! But today they are chalked up in black and white on my sales record, and what is more important, in my bank book! And yet, to be frank, only a small part of the credit is due me. I just figured out a few things about this business of making big money and applied them religiously. Anybody with average ability can do exactly the same—if they keep their eyes open!

That's the biggest thing of all—keeping your mind and your eyes open! I know it sounds like a very simple thing, but you would be surprised how many men just hammer along in the same old rut, wishing and striving for better things that are *right under their noses* all the time if they would only see them! The *only* reason some men are richer than others is that they have been able to see and recognize opportunity when it stared them in the face!

Where the Big Money Is

Take my own case for example. Before I "came to," I tried nine different ways of earning money. They all sounded good, solid, substantial and difficult. The harder they looked, the bigger I thought the possibilities must be. None of my propositions panned out and I hardly made enough to keep going. Then I discovered KRISS-KROSS. The day I read about this amazing shaving device in Liberty Magazine was certainly a red letter day for me! Here's what I saw:

I'll Guarantee to Keep You in Keen Razor Blades for Life

"Think of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere!

"This amazing invention marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy

that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

"KRISS-KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!

"And now for my smashing offer! To introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper, I will give you an amazing new kind of razor free. Really 3 razors in one. Can be made straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Comes with 5 special blades."

Naturally, I was vitally interested because cool, slick painless shaves are what every man tries to get and usually can't! And then at the bottom of the ad, I saw a little square:

"Agents: Make big money as a KRISS-KROSS representative—\$75 to \$225 a week. H. King made \$66 one day. J. C. Kellogg made \$200 in 7 days."

First Step to Success

At first I was skeptical about the money-making part of it! It looked too easy. But the stropper sounded so extraordinary that I sent for it. When it came, I saw it was even more astonishing than I had imagined. Really it was uncanny what it did to a blade in exactly 11 seconds. I took it over to show a friend and in less than 5 minutes he asked me to get him one. While we were talking, two more friends dropped in and made the same request that I get them each a KRISS-KROSS outfit! When I left I had nearly \$5 cash profit in my pocket—money I had not made one single effort to get!

That opened my eyes, all right. I saw my chance and grabbed it! The KRISS-KROSS people gave me exclusive territory, a wonderful lot of sales helps and a big, illustrated salesmanship course book that contained selling secrets worth \$100

cold cash to me! My first week I made \$180. The next 3 days I made \$104. Just think of it! It didn't seem to take any effort. I didn't have to "sell" at all. Every man was just naturally interested the minute he laid eyes on the stropper. Lots of them had read about it in the big magazines and were waiting for a chance to see it. The orders rolled in like water over a water-fall! It was real success at last!

Up the Ladder Fast!

Right now, I figure my yearly earnings with KRISS-KROSS will be somewhere between \$7,500 and \$10,000! and it all comes from getting started with the right kind of a proposition. I'm not a bit smarter or different than I was when I was trying to sell suits, brushes, and ordinary kinds of things. My only "smartness" was in choosing an article that is so astonishing that it sells itself!

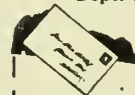
* * *

Mr. Paige's experience is typical of that of hundreds of KRISS-KROSS representatives. Practically every man who takes up this astonishing proposition in *full time* or as a *side-line* writes us that he is making money faster and easier than he ever dreamed possible. Right now, more KRISS-KROSS representatives and agents are wanted—to earn \$30 a day and up. The same opportunity that started Mr. Paige on the road to \$7,500 a year is open to you. Find out about it today! Clip the coupon and mail it at once! You'll never regret it. Paige didn't! So act at once!

Rhodes' Kriss-Kross Corp.

Dept. D-412

1418 Pendleton Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.



Rhodes' Kriss-Kross Corp., Dept. D-412,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me full details of your amazing KRISS-KROSS Stropper with list of generous commissions, and tell me how I can make big profits with it in my full or spare time.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

NEW HAMPSHIRE: One of the original thirteen colonies. As early as 1603 the coast had been explored by Martin Pring, but not until 1622 did John Mason and Sir Ferdinando Gorges receive the first grant to govern the region. The colonists, mainly dissatisfied settlers from Massachusetts, began scattered settlements in 1623. From 1641 until 1677, Massachusetts had jurisdiction over the territory, but an English court declared this an usurpation and on September 18, 1679, New Hampshire became a royal province. It was the first colony in 1776 to frame a constitution. Population, 1790, 141,885; 1926 (U. S. est.), 453,608. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 55.0; 1910, 59.2; 1920, 63.1. Area, 9,341 sq. miles. Density of population (1925 est.), 48.2 per sq. mile. Rank among States, 41st in



population, 43d in area, 20th in density. Capital (1920 U. S.), Concord, 22,167. Three largest cities (1926 est.), Manchester, 84,000; Nashua, 28,379. and Concord. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$1,347,135,000. Principal sources of wealth (U. S. 1923): Cotton goods output, \$66,166,016; boots and shoes, \$55,063,364; paper and wood pulp, \$35,442,760. The 1920 value of all crops produced on 20,523 farms totaled \$23,509,000. New Hampshire had 19,391 men in the service during the World War. It is one of the three States that have no mottoes, the others being Indiana and Texas. John Mason of the Plymouth Council, the patentee, named the colony in 1629 after the county of Hampshire in England. Nickname: Granite State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*

JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

PHILIP VON BLON, *Managing Editor*

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THE LEGION
Style M-280
TAN OR BLACK

Money's worth in **FLORSHEIM SHOES**

You will save by wearing FLORSHEIM SHOES . . . they are built for longer life and lasting good looks . . . there's money's worth *and more* in every pair. Wearing FLORSHEIM SHOES is a pleasant way to economize.

Most Styles \$10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

THE MESSAGE CENTER



THE Company Clerk had some pleasant words a few months ago for "As They Passed Through the Port," by Major General David C. Shanks, U.S.A., retired, one time commander at Hoboken in a day when that never idle shipping community at the mouth of the Hudson was at the least idle period in its history. Legionnaire Shanks's book was, modestly, not a summary of what he did, but a compilation of what he heard. In selecting the stories which he put into his book General Shanks used excellent judgment, which is something that cannot be said for every story absorber.

GENERAL Shanks wants more stories. *The World's Work* is arranging to publish an article by him to be called "The Best Stories of the War." The General wants to supplement the stories he already has, and asks readers of the Monthly to send him "any humorous incidents or pungently appealing stories which you may remember and which had their setting in camp, in rest house, in hospital, on the piers or aboard transport. Many such stories must still linger within the memories of my comrades. I shall be grateful to all who respond to my request, and would like to give credit by name to all who will permit it." General Shanks should be addressed at the Wyoming Apartments, Washington, D.C.

THE Monthly is glad to devote space to the message which is being broadcast by the American Society for the Control of Cancer. That message should be a thing of particular concern to the men and women of The American Legion. Most cases of cancer occur in those who are thirty-five years of age or older, which figure includes a thwacking majority of the Legion's membership. That is one of the eight reasons "Why We Should Know About Cancer" which the Society is making public far and wide. Here are the other seven (every reader of this page is familiar with them, which is one good reason for asking him to devote a few seconds to becoming familiar with them again): Because every year in the United States more than 100,000 people die of this disease; because at the present rate one out of every seven women and one out of every ten men reaching the age of forty dies of cancer; because cancer starts as a hard, painless lump, and the absence of pain is misleading—since one naturally considers that anything that does not hurt is not dangerous (of course every painless lump is not necessarily cancer); because the microscope, under

which the suspected tissue's true character is revealed, is the only certain means of determining and recognizing cancer; because early recognition and early removal offer the best means of cure; because periodic physical examination of the body by the physician is just as important as regular care of the teeth by the dentist or regular service to the motor car by the mechanic; because cancer is a disease which develops in middle life, often disabling a man at the time when he has completed his preliminary training, has the greatest earning capacity, is of the greatest value to his employer, and has the greatest responsibilities.

THIS is a sort of Old Home Week number of the Monthly. Five of the contributors are familiar names to readers of this magazine—may we even venture the hope that they are household words? They are Karl W. Detzer, Marquis James, Alexander Gardiner, Stetson Clark, and Samuel Scoville, Jr.

AN INTERESTING letter inspired by Robert W. Chambers's article, "Think Ahead," in the February Monthly reaches us from S. R. Brown, Past Commander of Percy A. Stevens Post, who is with the Shevlin-Hixon Company, lumber manufacturers, Bend, Oregon. He writes: "A lot of people in this country are using wood substitutes, thinking that they are performing a patriotic duty in conserving the forests. Actually they are damaging one of our greatest industries. Most of the pine being cut in this Western country is on an exchange basis with the Forest Service, the land, after the mature trees are cut, being exchanged with the Forest Service for stumpage on government lands, and due allowance being made for immature trees left standing. Mr. Chambers does not even mention the real problem of the timber owners. Taxation. How can a timber owner hold the timber when the State, county and other taxing agencies are piling his investment higher every year? Not to mention the compounding of his original investment. So far as I know, there is nothing made of wood for which a substitute has not been offered not made of wood. The manufacturers of wood substitutes have been spending millions of dollars advertising their products, until the people of the United States are becoming convinced that the forests are about gone. True enough, if our forests were all gone, we would manage to stagger along without them, so far as the consumptive utilization of their products is concerned, al-

though wood is better in practically all cases where a substitute is offered. It is possibly true that in some sections forests are needed to protect the watersheds, but that is not true in this section, for the higher portions of our mountains, where practically all of the water is stored, grow only non-commercial species of woods. The timber will never be removed, for the trees do not reach a size that can be used, nor is the wood useful. As far as the Mississippi floods are concerned, one of the earliest explorers experienced a flood, which, from his account, was almost of the stage of the recent catastrophe. The timber operator and the lumberman are doing the best they can to conserve the timber supply, but at the present rate of declining use, there will never be a necessity for their so doing. Mr. E. L. Carpenter, the head of our company, at a conference of timber owners as reported in the January issue of *The Nation's Business*, stated that forty-five years ago he was advised not to enter the lumber business in Minnesota, as the timber was about gone. He is still manufacturing lumber, however, as is also his son, and he expects that his grandsons as well will engage in the lumber business. In this State more than half of the members of the Legion are directly or indirectly dependent on timber and its products."

THE May Monthly will include, among other features, the second in the series of representative American short stories selected and supplied with critical introductions by John Erskine. The May story will be Edgar Allan Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," the ancestor of all detective stories. Poe lived and died a little too soon to be eligible to The American Legion, but he did serve in the United States Army, using the name of Edgar A. Perry. Major General George S. Gibbs (who, like Poe, initiated his army career as a private, but went further—Poe, as we recall it, got to be a sergeant major, which is almost as formidable as being a major general) will describe the land battle for Manila which followed Dewey's destruction of the Spanish fleet thirty years ago this spring. And speaking of privates who have riz up, let us not forget the high-ranking judge in The American Legion Monthly-Houghton Mifflin Company Prize War Novel Contest—Major General James G. Harbord.

The Editor

"First, good digestion — Second, proper rest"



HOWARD P. SAVAGE

headed the American Legion at the time of its Paris Convention. Over six feet in height, weighing 230 pounds, Mr. Savage is the ideal leader type. As Assistant General Manager of the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad Company, his days call for utmost vigor. Referring to his satisfaction with Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring, Mr. Savage says, "I get up these mornings feeling fit for the strenuous days ahead of me."

Says HOWARD P. SAVAGE

*Past National Commander
of the American Legion*

And well might Mr. Savage have emphasized that good digestion is almost impossible without proper sleep—

But read for yourself the opinion of this very successful Legionnaire.

Mr. Savage says,

"I've discovered that the degree of happiness which we obtain from life is largely measured by the people with whom we make contact. Certainly happiness is greater when those we meet are in a normal and agreeable state of mind.

"Being in a normal and agreeable state of mind comes generally from two causes. First, good digestion, and second, proper rest.

"After sleeping on a Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring, it is easy to see that the Simmons Company have provided the means to that complete rest that goes with proper sleeping."

The diagrams below show the scientific reasons why you will sleep better on a Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Simmons Beautyrest—a center of close packed springy wire coils. Hundreds of them. Over this the thick, soft mattress layers. What could offer more complete rest.

The minute you see the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring you know they will be comfortable and long wearing

The Simmons Ace Spring—An extra number of resilient spiral springs. The equivalent of a box spring yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip-cover additional

SIMMONS BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES.

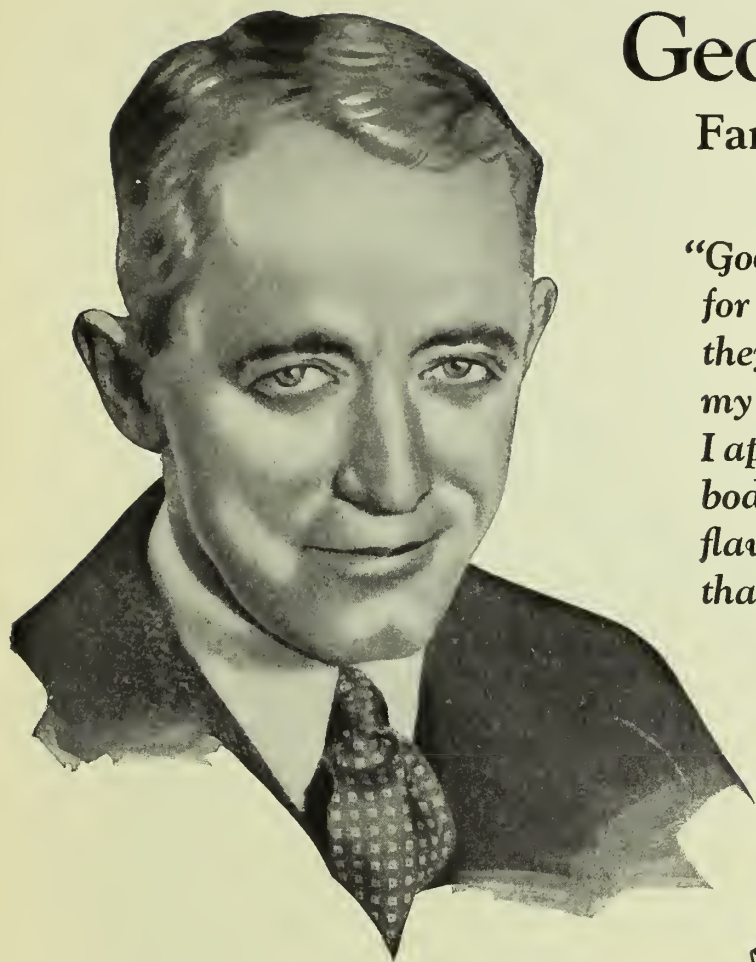
{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }



THREE COMPANIONS

By Steuart M. Emery • Decoration by G. H. Mitchell

<i>Winds and clouds and trees,</i>	<i>To the ports the white drifts know</i>
<i>Friends are all of these.</i>	<i>When the winds of morning blow.</i>
<i>Cruising clouds that sail the sky,</i>	<i>Clouds and winds and trees,</i>
<i>Trees a-sway to wave them by</i>	<i>Romance dwells in these.</i>



George M. Cohan,

Famous Author, Actor and
Producer, writes:

"Good old Luckies! We've been pals for years. And like an old friend they treat me well. No irritation to my throat and no coughing. And I appreciate Lucky Strikes—the full body tobacco with the toasted flavor that's been the same since that day we met."

George M. Cohan

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"Here in the Southland we know good Tobacco. It is born in us and it is the livelihood of most of us. 'The Cream of the Crop' is bought for LUCKY STRIKE. I know for it has been my duty to purchase it on the markets for years for this brand."

A. W. Glasser
Tobacco Buyer



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

NEW BRILLIANCE IN STYLE FOR SPRING

Style shows pronounced tendencies this season. You see it in these Adler Collegians. Vivid, flashing colors on rich backgrounds—Arab Grays and Sand-dune Tans. Distinctive weaves in bold or restrained patterns. And the new Wedgeback models, broad at the shoulders, snug at the hips—in addition to smart box-coat effects. See these style achievements at your Adler Collegian dealer's.



DAVID ADLER & SONS CO. Milwaukee, Wis.

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

they Keep you looking your best





"Get out, Captain!" he screamed. "Out! Go see what your damn, worthless guard's doing now!"

PRIVATE JOHN SMITH

CAPTAIN ARTHUR DAKIN, commanding officer of Company E, groped past the screened, sightless windows of the wireless house, and mounting a steep iron ladder, climbed to the flat roof above it. North winds, crying woefully across the unlighted ship, whanged the taut aerials over his head, and pummeled his cheek with wet, cold knuckles.

It was fifteen minutes past ten o'clock on the night of April 18th, 1918. Fog and low clouds, swollen with rain, shut out all light from the sky. Beyond the troop ship *Maltic*, where it zig-zagged eastward like a great black log upon the tumbling water, the Atlantic spread invisible except for a ghostly suggestion of iridescence in the wake.

"Halt!" said a weak voice.

Captain Dakin, waiting at the top of the ladder, perceived a

By Karl W. Detzer
Illustrations by V.E. Pyles

blur of heavier shadow stumbling toward him.

"Who's there?" the voice continued. Winds shook the question.

"Officer of the day," Captain Dakin sang out. The black shadow had ceased to move. "Well, what d'you say next?" demanded the captain.

"I don't know, sir."

Dakin advanced three paces. From his slender six feet of height he looked down inquiringly on the soldier before him. He could not make out the face, only a short, rather shapeless black shadow with the outline of a service rifle wavering at an angle in front of it.

"Don't know what to do next?" the officer demanded. Wind clubbed his face, and he pulled the collar of his raincoat higher about his ears. "Know your general orders?"

"No, sir."



"Get to hell off'n here," Private Jones yelled

"Oh, Lord!" Dakin stood thoughtfully a moment, his feet braced against the stubborn plunging of the ship. "How long *you* been in the army?"

"Five weeks, sir."

"Oh, Lord!" again. "Ever done guard before?"

"No, sir."

"Your corporal ever try to teach you guard manual?"

"Yes, sir. Seems like I can't learn it."

"Five weeks," said Captain Dakin, more to himself than to the sentry, "and they expect us to win the war." There was silence again, except for the voice of the outraged Atlantic. The sentry shifted his feet. "Know your special orders?" the captain asked.

"No, sir. Only as nobody's goin' to go monkeying around here while I'm in charge. But I'd like relief."

"Relief?"

"Yes, sir. To go downstairs to bed. I'm sick, sir."

"So everybody aboard. Got to take your turn, soldier. If you don't know your orders, you don't. But you've got the general idea. Keep a sharp eye. Important post, here on Marconi deck. Stick it out. I'll see you when you come down."

The blurred shadow before him did not move. Dakin stared at it, wondering queerly what the fellow's face was like. The voice disconcerted him. There was something about it that reminded him of high timber and unpeopled hills.

"What's your name, soldier?"

"Jimmy Hires, sir."

"Private James Hires, you mean. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five," said the shadow. Then it added: "Today's my birthday."

Captain Dakin laughed, but without mirth.

"Stick it out," he repeated. "Everybody's sick. But the joke's on both of us. I'm twenty-five, too. Today."

He descended the ladder rapidly, traversed the deserted boat-deck, dropped nimbly through to the promenade, that likewise was deserted, and at length opened a door which gave upon a black interior. Black as the night outside, but warm. With an odor of tobacco, of men and tobacco. He closed the door carefully behind him and groped forward until his hand discovered a heavy curtain. This he lifted, and with the same precise care dropped it into place behind him. A man stood stiffly against the wall, an enlisted man, with rifle and sidearms. The captain nodded to him.

"Any trouble, McGuire?" he asked.

"No, sir. Except some of the officers don't pull the first curtain tight before they open the second."

"You know your orders. Don't let them bluff you. Watch for cigarettes when they go out. No lights on deck, submarine reported ahead. And Sergeant, who's Private Hires?"

"One of the new drafts, sir. He's kind of slow like. Can't help it, I guess. Assigned us at Hoboken. Didn't have a full uniform when he come aboard. Got his outfit after we was two days out."

"Oh, Lord!" Captain Dakin repeated. "Sergeant, do you know what's the greatest joke in the world? Well, I'll tell you.



in answer to the commanding officer's order

The home folks expect fools like us . . . you and Hires and me and the colonel . . . to win the war."

He passed into the smoking room. The glaring lights therein showed him to be a thin, exceedingly grave young officer, his soft pink skin rubbed pinker by the North Atlantic wind. His shoulders were straight and he was still self-conscious of the fact. But he wore his uniform well, his eyes were steady, his lips stern without suggesting unkindness.

Twice before during his inspection he had looked into the smoking room; it was half empty each time. Men were too sick to talk tonight. There remained now only three officers, Colonel Blunt, commanding the regiment; his adjutant (who was as young as Dakin), and the assistant divisional chief of staff. The colonel was a lean, slight, fussy man with nervous eyes. He wore a high stack of white hair on his small round head, that exaggerated his age; he was forty-five, actually. He had commanded a troop of cavalry since 1912 up and down the Mexican border. Sixty cavalymen, experienced old soldiers. And now he was responsible for three thousand blundering recruits, assigned to infantry (which he still considered an excessively over-estimated branch of service), under new regulations, with clumsy officers, in time of war . . . the comparison made him lie awake nights.

It was common talk in the junior officers' mess that the colonel wasn't on good terms with the assistant chief of staff. Men, speculating why, recalled that the assistant chief, whose name happened to be Wellington (he reminded his own mess frequently that his people were English), had sat comfortably in Washington

most of his army career, which of course might be objectionable to a cavalry officer. He ranked as lieutenant colonel now; but an assistant chief of staff requires no rank, Colonel Blunt had said that day to his adjutant. His glory lies in his authority.

The colonel glanced up as Captain Dakin entered. He nodded nervously, indicating a chair, and at once turned back to the assistant chief of staff. It appeared that they were arguing.

"Men like these sent to war!" the colonel was complaining. "Think of it. Plumbers and bricklayers and real estate agents and the like. Shaken together and called an army. An army! Good God, man, it will be years before they're fit! Years!"

"With discipline," contradicted the assistant chief of staff (he was older by five years than the colonel, heavier by forty pounds), "with proper discipline they'll be ready in three months. If they fail it'll be because their officers are lax. We'll make a showing, sir. With strict officers," he added.

"Strict officers?" The Colonel laughed. "Will you tell me what most of the officers on this ship know of the service or its traditions? Tell me, sir. Absolutely nothing. Nothing. They aren't fit to command. Not their fault. Not their fault a bit. They came out of civil life just as the men did." He turned pointedly to Captain Dakin. "Captain, what was your profession before the war?"

"Canned goods, sir," the captain answered, "fruit and vegetables. I was on the road, sir."

The colonel shrugged. He looked triumphantly at the assistant chief of staff. What more was there (*Continued on page 54*)

The SIEGE of

MOST of the boys had been to a fandango the night before last and still felt tired and sleepy. Travis was hard put to get any work out of them. What need to work? This Herrera was either a liar or a fool who believed everything he heard. Santa Anna with an army already across the Rio Grande! In the first place it wasn't so, and in the second place if it were so, what of it? Let the tenderfeet lose sleep over a trivial thing like that.

By Marquis James

Now William Barrett Travis, who was not exactly a tenderfoot in Texas, kept his eyes open. His soldiers might not take much stock in the story that Herrera had brought to Bexar, but the inhabitants seemed to view matters in a different light. These easy-going Spaniards bestirred themselves to activities difficult to assign to any light motive. An atmosphere of suppressed excitement hung over sunlit stone and adobe town. There was a great hurrying to and fro along the narrow streets and through the white dust of the plazas. Big two-wheeled carts loaded with household goods made their way in long files over the roads that led into the country.

On the morning of February 23d Travis posted a sentinel in the tower of San Fernando Church to keep a sharp lookout to the west and at first sight of anything that looked like Mexican troops to ring the bell. With this precaution the Texan army of occupation went very leisurely about the business of putting the Alamo in a state of defense. The soldiers preferred to lounge about the cantinas, mix with their friendly enemies among the native population and regret the departure of so many good-looking señoritas. The town was dull enough as it was, what with the fighting over.

This boredom was mitigated, however, when shortly before noon on the 23d the population and garrison alike were startled by the furious clanging of the bell in the tower of the Church of San Fernando. An officer scrambled up the dark little stairway. What had the sentinel seen? He had seen Mexicans—cavalry—on the heights of Alazan, their lances glittering through the mist of a fine rain that was falling. But where were they now, demanded the officer. Gone, said the sentinel—vanished at the first taps of the bell. The officer scanned the horizon. He saw nothing and the sentinel was accused of giving a false alarm. Travis thought it prudent, however, to investigate the sentinel's story. Dr. John Sutherland and Scout John W. Smith had their horses handy and volunteered to reconnoitre.

That was the way of soldiering in the Texas Revolution. It was time to get ready to fight when the enemy was in sight. Texans made the poorest peace-time soldiers on earth and the best in battle, where their feats time and again seem beyond belief. It took a good man to handle them in battle or out. Buck Travis was a good man, but when there was no fighting to do he had his hands full. A few days

before the incident of the sentinel in the tower he had written a letter to Henry Smith, the Governor of Texas:

"If you had taken the trouble to answer my letter I should not now have been under the necessity of troubling you. My situation is truly awkward and delicate. Col. Neill left me in command, but wishing to give satisfaction to the volunteers here and not wishing to assume any command over them, I issued an order for the election of an officer to command them with the exception of one company of volunteers that had previously engaged to serve under me. Bowie was elected by two small companies, and since his election has been roaring drunk all the time, has assumed all command . . . turning everything topsy turvy. If I didn't feel my honor and that of my country compromised, I would leave here instantly . . . I hope you will order immediately some regular troops here as it is more important to occupy this post than I imagined when last I saw you. It is the Key of Texas . . . Without a foothold here, the enemy can do nothing against us . . . I do not solicit the command of this post, but as Col. Neill . . . is anxious for me to take command, I will do it . . . The enemy is on the Rio Grande with 1000 strong, and is making every preparation to invade us. By the 15th of March I think Texas will be invaded and every preparation should be made to receive them."

Governor Smith's situation was quite as "awkward and delicate" as that of the quasi-commander at San Antonio de Bexar. Three months before, in November of 1835, the Mexican province of Texas, largely settled by Americans, had revolted against Santa Anna, who had seized the government of Mexico and repudiated the liberal professions that had actuated the Mexican people a few years earlier to win their independence of Spain. Texas had not declared its independence, but merely its opposition to the dictatorship of Santa Anna. To handle its affairs in this crisis, Texas had elected Henry Smith to be governor. An advisory council was created to consult with the governor and Sam Houston was made commander-in-chief of the army.

Trouble started immediately between the governor



the ALAMO

*Illustration by
Remington Schuyler*



and his council and between Houston and a clique of his officers. The Mexican government's first attempt to bring Texas to time by force of arms had resulted in victory for the

Texans, and not a Mexican soldier remained north of the Rio Grande. But the Texas troops could not stand idleness. They wanted to keep on fighting even if they had to cross the Rio Grande to do it. Houston said no, to get ready and stay where they were and they would get their fill of fighting soon enough, as the Mexicans would be back. This gave the army officers who were jealous of Houston what they conceived to be a great chance. They laughed at the commander-in-chief and stirred up the soldiers with oratory about carrying the war to the enemy. Governor Smith backed Houston and the council backed the jingo officers. Smith fought the council, which deposed him from office and superseded Houston as commander of the army.

At first Houston had planned to defend the town of San Antonio de Bexar—then called Bexar for short as now it is called San Antonio. But when the invasionists lured away most of the garrison Houston ordered Neill, the commander at Bexar, to blow up the fortifications and leave. Neill failed to do this and was relieved by Lieutenant Colonel Barrett Travis, a red-haired youngster of twenty-eight who had come out to Texas from North Carolina to practice law, but had made his reputation in the earlier skirmishes of the war. Houston made a flying trip to the main body of his army, which under the influence of the extremists was marching toward Mexico. The officers were as unreasonable as ever, but Houston convinced enough of the soldiers of the foolhardy nature of the enterprise to break it up. He also practically broke up the army, and the result was greater confusion than ever in the face of what Houston knew to be an invasion of Texas by a powerful Mexican army. In this situation Houston, already shorn of power, refused to accept responsibility for the consequences and disappeared among the Indian tribes of the frontier, where he could do more good. Mexican agents were at work among the Indians. Houston undid this work and won the friendship of the tribes for the Texas cause.

Meantime what Houston had said would happen did happen. Santa Anna invaded Texas with seven thousand men, many of them veterans of the old war for Mexican independence, offi-



Davy Crockett's rifle, Betsy, took a heavy toll at the Alamo until things got so hot that there was no time to load. Then, clubbing their weapons, Crockett and his companions went down fighting. This portrait is from a rare print in the collection of Robert F. Fridenberg

ced by experienced leaders, including soldiers of fortune of several nationalities. Opposed to these Texas had about one thousand, two hundred men in the field, scattered everywhere, poorly equipped, without discipline, under leaders who refused to support one another and with no man in the government strong enough to enforce obedience. This was the state of affairs in February of 1836.

At Bexar was a handful of men under Travis, who was doing his best to augment his force. Jim Bowie joined the garrison with a small following, which until the fighting started rather increased Travis's difficulties than otherwise. Jim Bowie was not the man he had once been—the half-legendary figure whose tremendous exploits were a tradition from St. Louis to Mexico City. In the old days Jim was a power in northern Mexico. He married

the daughter of a Spanish grandee, and, turning his abilities to less spectacular pursuits, he made a fortune of his own, and his family lived like royalty. About the time his wild days seemed behind him, a plague swept Bowie's beautiful wife and their children into the grave and the lion-hearted Jim almost died of grief. Nothing mattered after that. Life became a quest for activity to turn his mind from his loss. Abandoning his property, he threw himself into the Texas struggle and stood with Houston in the contest that had demoralized the Texas army. With little left but blind courage and a name at which enemies still trembled Jim Bowie then decided to stand by the wreck. His enormous form was gaunt and worn, his blue eyes unnaturally bright from the fever of tuberculosis. Whipping up his flagging forces with whisky, Jim Bowie plunged into Bexar, with the determination

to sell his life dearly. He could not have come to a better place.

Some other recruits, dressed in fringed buckskins, rode into town and in the drawl of a Southern mountaineer their spokesman said they wanted to fight. This was Davy Crockett with his twelve Tennesseans. Davy had been a Tennessee Congressman from a backwoods district. He had a good head and an amusing way about him and had become something of a national figure. But he committed the error of opposing Andrew Jackson and lost his seat in Congress. Texas was in the public eye and Davy had come on looking for excitement.

A few other volunteers straggled in, bringing Travis's command up to the neighborhood of 145 men, who on February 23d awaited the return of scouts Sutherland and Smith with an indifference born of a picturesque contempt for peril. They did not have long to wait. The two horsemen were seen returning at a dead run across the plain. Travis immediately gave orders to evacuate the Bexar and occupy the Alamo Mission beyond the eastern outskirts of the town. From the way his scouts were riding, Travis knew the Mexican army was at hand. Travis had 150 men now, having gathered up a few loyal native Mexicans in the town. His first—and last—impulse was to fight.

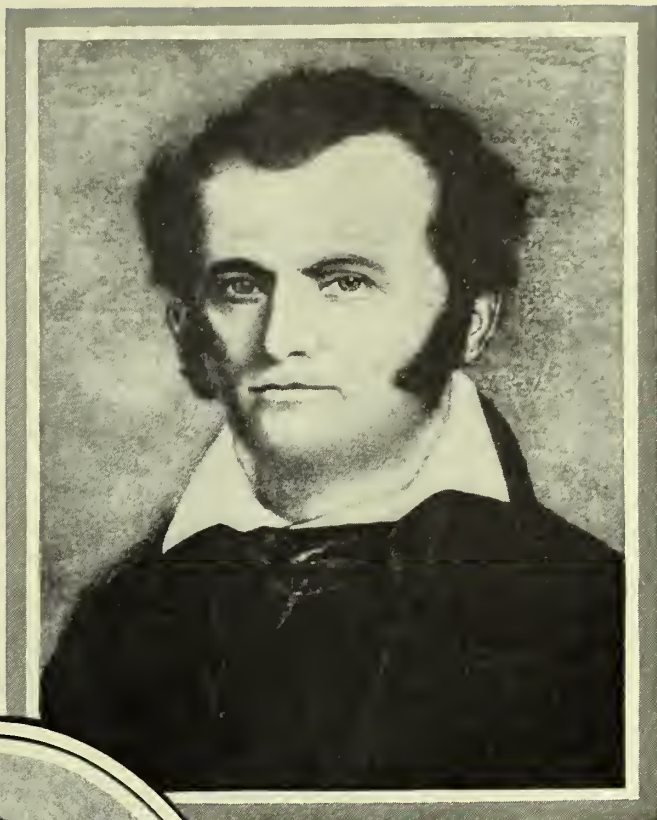
Sutherland and Smith found their comrades in a fever of preparation to defend the Alamo. The scouts said they had seen one thousand five hundred troops drawn up in line of battle, with an officer riding up and down making a speech and waving his sword. Dr. Sutherland had injured his knee during the reconnaissance and could not walk without assistance. But he could ride, and a few moments later he sped out of the Alamo gate with a message to the "Citizens of Gonzales", a little town fifty miles to the eastward. "The enemy in large force is in sight. We want men and provisions. Send them to us. We have 150 men and are determined to defend the Alamo to the last. Give us assistance."

Sutherland left at three o'clock in the afternoon and the Mexican troops filed into Bexar. A picket on the Alamo wall announced the approach of a horseman under a flag of truce. Travis suspected the object of the visit. He sent Major Morris and Captain Marten to meet the flag. These officers received Santa Anna's demand of surrender "at discretion". They at once gave Travis's answer. It was no—which Travis rendered the more emphatic by sending a cannon ball into the town when the Mexican emissary had withdrawn. Santa Anna replied by raising the red flag of no quarter over the tower of San Fernando and opening on the Texans with a mortar battery. The siege of the Alamo had begun.

The following day Travis spared another of his precious men to carry to the outside world a message that has been called the most heroic in American history. It was addressed "To the People of Texas and All Americans in the World":

"Fellow Citizens and Compatriots: I am besieged with a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual Bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the wall. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then, I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due his own honor and that of his country. VICTORY OR DEATH."

There was a postscript which showed the garrison was not just idly waiting for help. "The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 to 90 bushels and got into



Jim Bowie, inventor of the famous knife, crippled by a fall from a scaffold in the early part of the fighting, still gave a good account of himself before his death



Santa Anna, the Mexican leader and dictator

the walls 20 to 30 head of Beeves." The Mission of the Alamo, which means the cottonwood tree, in 1836 was more than one hundred years old—a large and strong place with superior advantages of defense. Its size, however, was an embarrassment. It consisted of a stone church, partly unroofed in previous fighting, with walls four feet thick, and two stoutly walled enclosures adjoining this church. The smaller of these enclosures was the convent yard; the larger one was the general plaza of the mission and was more than two acres in extent. Built into the walls of the enclosures were several stone buildings—a convent, a hospital, barracks, a prison. The walls varied in height from five to twenty-two feet. To defend them Travis mounted eighteen guns. Scaffolds were built at certain places for riflemen. The defensive arrangements were intelligently supervised by an engineer named Jameson,

but neither scientific skill nor valor could make up for the lack of manpower. To man works so extensive required a thousand men.

Everything depended on reinforcements and Travis knew it. They must come soon to do any good. Battalion after battalion of Mexican troops showed themselves on the prairie and began to encircle the Alamo beyond the range of its guns. Batteries were pushed up. The bombardment grew heavier. Parties of Texans sallied from the walls to gather firewood and to harass the Mexican artillerymen with rifle fire.

To whom was the beleaguered commander to appeal for aid? Travis knew that confusion existed in the Texan civil government, but the situation was worse than he imagined. After shearing Governor Smith of power the council members fell to quarreling among themselves. Unable to assemble a quorum of their own number, the council thus (Continued on page 64)

MASKED DEATH

By
Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull



AS THE sun went westering down the sky its last rays lighted up the frozen pools scattered here and there among the barrens like platters of old silver. Then the slow stain of the dark spread across the patches of blue-white snow and a host of little wild-folk came out to feast and frolic in the star-shine. There were deer mice with round heads, house-mice with long tails, and rust-red pine voles. Toward them, as they fed on the stores of seeds left on the dry weed stalks, moved a tiny, lead-colored figure with a long, eyeless head and a pointed nose. He moved with unbelievable speed.

A black mask of dark fur showed against the gray of his crocodile with fierce teeth, his name, for the was none other or masked shrew, mammal in the all that one was length of a man's and would have eler's scales at even grains, troy

At the first masked head, all scattered and fled, their tracks radiating out in the snow like the spokes of a wheel, although the least of them was nearly double the size of the little animal who was approaching them.

Well might they run, for the tiny blind beastling who rushed toward them across the star-watched snow was none other than death itself to all of them. Every twenty-four hours a masked

strangely jaws, set thickly and gave him tiny newcomer than the sorex the smallest world. Tail and hardly the little finger tipped a jewel perhaps forty-weight.

sight of his of the others

shrew must devour his own weight in flesh and blood, and so swift are the functions of his fierce, small body that failing to find food he starves to death in less than six hours. It is his doom to kill and kill and kill through all his waking hours, lest he die.

That night, as the masked beastling flashed across the white surface, its pointed muzzle was thrust forward, filtering through the meshes of its marvelous nose's every scent and change in the air-currents and taking the place of the eyesight which the little shrew lacked. Before its swift-gliding figure, deer mice leaped away like little kangaroos, their white stockings showing at every jump, and burly meadow mice hurled themselves forward through the snow. One alone of them all the little hunter singled out, a pine vole with a reddish back, gray breast and short tail, a squat little animal not so swift as either the white-footed or the meadow mouse.

With the swift, easy motion of a hunting snake the shrew glided forward and gained rapidly upon the pine mouse breaking his way clumsily through the drift. Hard pressed as he was the vole did not venture to turn into any of the numerous shafts which led to the runways and tunnels stretching away beneath the snow. Only too well he knew that the mouse who dares go underground with a shrew on his trail goes to certain death, for fast and fatal as the blind death is on the surface he is far swifter and more deadly beneath the ground.

Across the white plain the two fled in a long circle with the little pursuer ever approaching nearer and nearer to the larger fugitive. Foot by foot the sorex cut down the





The house mice and rust-red pine voles scattered and fled before the tiny blind beastling, although the least of them was twice its size

other's lead until he was so close that his pointed nose nearly touched the end of the vole's short tail. Then, just as the shrew's crooked jaws opened ready to close with a death-grip upon the clumsy body lurching just in front, a dark shadow overhead seemed to blot out the stars above the two. From the blackness showed the gleam of terrible eyes as that death-in-the-dark, a great horned owl, swooped down upon the pair with a swiftness which few of the

wild-folk can evade. The masked shrew is one of those few. Warned of the grim bird's presence by some change in the air currents above him or by some tiny flutter of the owl's muffled wings, that one dived down a little tunnel in the snow just as the talons of one outstretched foot were closing upon him. The vole was not so fortunate. As the empty talons striking the snow stamped a great X on

its smooth surface, the other set of curved claws met in his round body and only that grim mark and a spot of blood on the snow remained to tell the story of his passing.

Down through the snow to the sphagnum moss beneath flashed the velvet-gray body of the shrew. Convinced that there was no safety for him at the surface, overshadowed by those silent, fatal wings, and driven by an insatiate hunger, the fierce beastling went on with his hunting underground. Beside the snow tunnel he came upon a round hole which led beneath the gray-green sphagnum moss. Down this shaft he plunged and found himself in a long tunnel far underground. Through the zigzag windings of this run-way the tiny masked beast dashed at the full speed with which all his short life is lived, his long muzzle thrust up and out in front of his compact little body and taking the place of eyes and ears. Once he stopped and dug out a fat grub from among some grass-roots and again he pounced upon and devoured a winter-bound cricket.

Suddenly as he hurried on, his hunger but whetted by those two savory morsels, his nose warned him of the approach of one of the underground people in whose domain he was poaching. The newcomer was of a dull blackish slate-color with a swollen tail, broad, spadelike fore-feet and an eyeless, pointed head ending in a muzzle from which radiated a fringe of some twenty-two short fleshy tentacles, the hall-mark of the star-nosed mole.

Ten times the size and weight of the little trespasser before him, the shrew would have been far safer even out on the haunted snow than trapped in the tunnel of the monster who was rushing toward him.

There was neither time nor space for the little sorex to turn in the narrow runway, but it did not matter, for when his tiny body was fashioned fear had been left out of it and he had no thought of retreating. Squeaking with rage the mole rushed at his enemy through the darkness like a runaway steam-shovel, the earth flying from either side of his enormous flat fore-paws as he came. Without waiting for his onslaught the shrew flashed toward him

and in a second had clamped his long jaws shut on the mole's fringed nose. Squealing with pain the star-nose tried again and again to seize the little animal in his jaws filled with needle-pointed teeth. Each time, however, the shrew swung across the other's back and sank his teeth deeper into the mole's ornamented and sensitive muzzle, holding on the while like a tiny bulldog. Frantically the star-nose hurled the sorex back and forth and the latter only escaped the grip of the snapping jaws several times by a hair's breadth. Then the mole tried to pin the shrew against the sloping sides of the tunnel, but the soft moss and wet earth yielded enough each time to allow the sorex to escape, although by a tiny margin. Sooner or later the beastling's strength would flag or he would be caught against some harder part of the tunnel and the mole, intelligent as he was fierce, continued his rushing tactics.

Suddenly the sorex released his grip and his little body disappeared entirely from sight down a concealed shaft into which the mole had inadvertently thrust him. With the weight attached to his muzzle so suddenly removed, the larger animal lurched forward several inches past the opening and then finding no trace of the shrew hurried on through the hunting-tunnel and soon forgot all about the little trespasser and his bitten nose in the excitement of finding a layer of earthworms just beneath the moss.

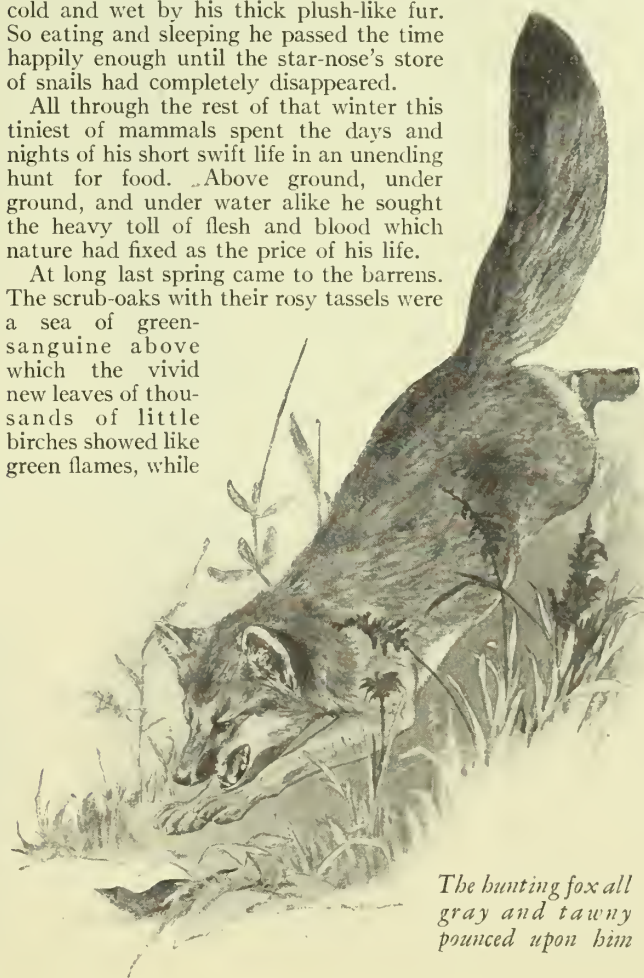
As for the shrew, he sped down the sloping shaft until he suddenly plunged into the icy waters of a little stream along whose banks the mole had driven his hunting tunnels. Not in the least disconcerted by the sudden change of element he swam along the bank until his long nose brought him to a halt in front of another hole, which he immediately entered to find himself in one of the mole's store-houses.

Burrowing deep in the wet moss with which the chamber was floored he uncovered one of those caches of snails which the star-nose is accustomed to make in the antiseptic sphagnum moss. To the shrew the store was a treasure-trove and each fat snail sealed up in its curled and crumpled brown shell was to him what a roast of beef would be to a human.

Maddened by his ever-present hunger he fell upon the pile of food which lay before him. Crunching through one shell after another he ate and ate until he could hold no more and then curled himself up in the soft dripping moss and fell asleep with his keen nose on guard, protected from the cold and wet by his thick plush-like fur. So eating and sleeping he passed the time happily enough until the star-nose's store of snails had completely disappeared.

All through the rest of that winter this tiniest of mammals spent the days and nights of his short swift life in an unending hunt for food. Above ground, under ground, and under water alike he sought the heavy toll of flesh and blood which nature had fixed as the price of his life.

At long last spring came to the barrens. The scrub-oaks with their rosy tassels were a sea of green-sanguine above which the vivid new leaves of thousands of little birches showed like green flames, while



The hunting fox all gray and tawny pounced upon him

the ground was carpeted with clouds of the fluffy white blossoms of the sand myrtle with its dark-green, boxlike leaves.

Along the amber-brown stream grew clumps of goats-rue with rose-red and pale gold butterfly blossoms like stained silk and ivory, and the air was sweet with the scent of white azalea, while overhead the wind sighed and sang all day among the pitch pines.

Beneath the earth the little shrew felt the thrill and came up to hunt across the barrens in broad daylight. It took a quick eye indeed to watch his hunting. Here and there a dry leaf would rustle, another would move and perhaps a third be overturned yet no sign of life appear. At last a careful observer could have seen a tiny shadow flit across an open space and disappear. In spite, however, of his speed nothing escaped the little hunter's notice.

Suddenly his microphonic ears caught the faintest of sounds from underground and he swerved into a round hole that showed in the hard sand beside him. Ahead of him fled a young meadow-mouse on his way to join other members of the family who were having a light lunch in their storehouse on what was left of the winter's supplies. Hearing the beat of pattering feet behind him, the mouse made the fatal mistake of keeping on to the round room where the others were feasting, relying upon their number to save him from his deadly little pursuer. He had yet to learn that odds mean nothing to a shrew and that a room with only one door is his favorite battle-ground.

Followed a fight to the death. The mice were on their own ground, four against one and that one a tiny, blind beastling less than half the size and weight of the smallest of them. Yet the issue was never in doubt. It was the shrew who attacked with incredible swiftness. None of his four foes could make a motion that he did not instantly detect with his quick ear and uncanny sense of touch. Moreover, throughout the whole fight, he never once left the exit tunnel unguarded. Again and again from out of the whirling mass of entangled bodies a meadow mouse would spring to the door to escape. Always it found the fell jaws and steel-like body of the tiny masked death on guard. Cornered and trapped in the round room the four fought desperately, springing here and there, thrusting with their fore-paws like boxers and snapping and slashing continually with their double pairs of curved sharp teeth. The shrew's snout, however, was of tough, leathery cartilage. His hidden, unseeing eyes needed no protection, and he saved his tough skin from being pierced by his tactics. Standing with feet outspread and head up he constantly darted his muzzle forward bringing into play with each slash no less than six pointed fighting teeth in either jaw. Driven by the great muscles of his neck and cheeks, these ripped clear through the thin skins of his opponents, who kept up a continual squeaking as they fought, in startling contrast to the silence of the little killer. Perfectly balanced on all four feet, the shrew's small body seemed to have an inexhaustible store of fierce strength and endurance as the battle surged around and around the storehouse.

It was the young mouse who was the first to go. In the very middle of a leap he staggered and fell at the feet of his enemy and the long curved teeth of the shrew pierced his brain.

It was the beginning of the end. One by one they went down before the automatic rushes and slashes of the little fighting-machine, until only one was left, a scarred, skilled veteran, who had won out in many a fight with his own kind. As he felt his strength ebbing, with a last desperate effort he dodged one of the shrew's rushes and managed to sink his two pairs of teeth into the tough muscles of the other's neck. Then a horrifying thing happened. Without even trying to break the mouse's grip, the shrew bent nearly double, and buried his pointed muzzle deep into the other's flesh just back of the fore-leg and began to eat

like fire through skin and flesh and bone. The mouse fought, the shrew ate, and the outcome was certain, as it must be when a fighter who depends upon four teeth dares to clinch with one who uses twelve. Even as the mouse unlocked his jaws for a better hold he tottered and fell under the feet of his tiny blind opponent.

For two days and nights the shrew stayed in the storeroom until all that remained of the meadow-mice were four pelts neatly folded and four skeletons picked bare of even a shred of flesh. Moreover, what was left of the mice's store of seeds was gone too.

At last, gorged to a repletion which seldom ever comes to one of his folk, the shrew fell asleep in that dining-hall where, like Ulysses of old, he had battled his way to victory against overwhelming odds.

The dark hours passed, dawn came and the long level rays of the sun shot across the barrens like arrows of gold and sent little puffs of moist fragrant warmth down among the grass roots. Still the shrew slept, his tiny velvety gray body for once motionless, nor did he wake when a dry rustling noise sounded in the long winding tunnel which led to where he lay, although to all of the underground people that sound is the very whisper of death itself. At times it ceased, then it began again, each time nearer to the tiny sleeper whose hidden blind eyes saw nothing, whose ears swathed in sleep heard nothing. One sentry alone of his senses still stood on guard. Ahead of the whisper there stole down the long tunnel and into the rounded chamber a musky scent so faint that few human nostrils would have caught it. Yet as the first whiff of that evanescent odor reached the shrew's long pink muzzle it was as if an alarm bell had clanged against his brain.

In the fraction of a second he was on his feet, head up and teeth bared ready to fight for his life. Swiftly as he had moved he was none too quick. Even as he swung toward the point whence his nose told him the attack would come, a flat head with lidless eyes, which gleamed like black fire, showed at the entrance and the long sinuous body of a blacksnake covered with smooth dark scales slipped into the round room. Then began a blind smother of a fight in the dark. Against the fierce swift flame of life that burned in the shrew's tiny body was pitted the cold ferocity and sinuous strength of a monster half a hundred times the bulk of the little mammal. It was as if a human should contend with one of those vast dragons of the reptile age. Yet the tiny blind beast showed no sign of fear but approached the monster with the quick pattering run of his kind.

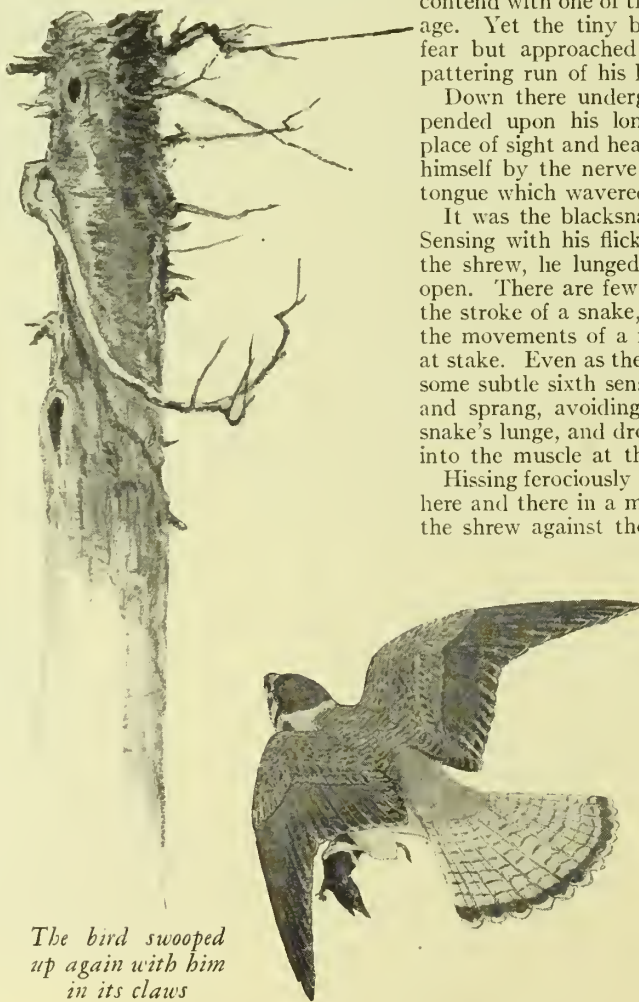
Down there underground, just as the shrew depended upon his long sniffing snout to take the place of sight and hearing, so the serpent orientated himself by the nerve filaments in his black forked tongue which wavered back and forth like a flame.

It was the blacksnake who made the first move. Sensing with his flickering tongue the approach of the shrew, he lunged forward, his grim jaws wide open. There are few things in nature swifter than the stroke of a snake, yet no human eye can follow the movements of a masked shrew when its life is at stake. Even as the flat head shot out, warned by some subtle sixth sense, the gray beastling swerved and sprang, avoiding by the width of a hair the snake's lunge, and drove his fierce edged teeth deep into the muscle at the angle of the serpent's jaw.

Hissing ferociously the blacksnake hurled its body here and there in a mass of changing coils, dashing the shrew against the earthen sides of the round

room in a desperate effort to break his grip. Only death itself would have unlocked those crooked crocodile jaws whose teeth cut through scales and skin and the tough fibres beneath until they severed the muscle which controlled the snake's lower jaw and it dangled limp and useless.

A blacksnake is not a constrictor nor has it any fangs and with its jaws disabled the shrew had nothing to fear from that one. Even as it turned to escape he sank his



*The bird swooped
up again with him
in its claws*



The little shrew dived down a tunnel in the snow as the horned owl's curved claws met in the round body of the pine vole

curved teeth deep into the serpent's brain, and a few moments later was feeding unconcernedly on its firm, white flesh.

His appetite once satisfied the gray beastling started for the surface of the ground in search of the adventures which are crowded into every minute of the few days which go to make up the life of that smallest of mammals.

He did not have to wait long. Even as he came above ground a hunting fox all gray and tawny, who wore a white bib and a black tip to his bushy tail, pounced upon him and thrust his head down to swallow the atom of life pinned fast beneath his paw. At that moment all of the shrew's swiftness and courage availed him nothing, held helpless in the clutch of this gray killer. The beastling, however, had still one last defense. As the fox's long muzzle approached him, from the scent glands concealed in his

sides beneath the nap of his velvet fur came a gas attack which made the fox give up all thoughts of devouring the little mammal. With a flip of his paw he tossed the shrew a couple of yards through the air and turned away in disgust for better hunting.

Such an escape would have sent most animals into retreat but had no effect whatever upon the seasoned nerves of the little adventurer. Righting himself in the air he landed on his feet and scurried away through grassy tangles and labyrinths of twisted roots, snapping up grubs and insects here and there as he ran.

Finally he flashed out upon an open stretch of the white sand with which the barrens are floored, the bed of some sea lost to earth a milli n years ago. Around him grew gray-green clumps of hudsonia, starred thick with myriads of little golden flowers, wine-red blossoms of the wild ipecac and (Continued on page 46)



*Alice Duer Miller, novelist,
member of the Council of the
Authors' League of America*

For the BEST \$ 25,

WITH the tenth anniversary of the termination of the World War, the editors of *The American Legion Monthly* and of Houghton Mifflin Company believe that the time has come for the appearance of the big novel of the war. In the decade that has passed since

Armistice Day, the tragedies and the comedies of the war—its meaning in the lives of those who fought in it, and in the history of the world—can at last be seen in true perspective and proportion. Hitherto many authors and publishers have been doubtful of war fiction as a publishing venture, yet public interest in the war as a theme for fiction has been steadily increasing. The time is ripe for a novel or group of novels that will endure as the best record of the great years between 1914 and 1918. To stimulate their production, *The American Legion Monthly* and Houghton Mifflin Company join in offering a cash prize of \$25,000 for the best novel dealing with the period of the World War, and with the war as its background.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

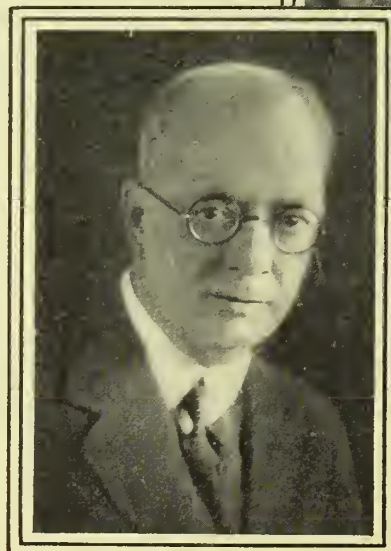
FOR the most interesting, best written, and most memorable story with the World War as a background, adapted to both serial and book publication, a prize of \$25,000 cash will be awarded.

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Two Any author, regardless of nationality, may compete in this contest, but manuscripts must be submitted in the English language.



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000



Major General James G. Harbord, President of the Radio Corporation of America, author of "Leaves from a War Diary", former Commanding General, S. O. S., A. E. F.

Three To be considered by the judges of the contest, manuscripts must be not less than seventy thousand words in length.

Four Address all manuscripts to the War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Authors are advised to retain carbon copies.

Five Manuscripts will be acknowledged and read as promptly as possible by the reading staffs of Houghton Mifflin Company and The American Legion Monthly, and all possible care taken to protect them against loss or damage. All manuscripts which are considered not suitable to be submitted to the board of judges will be promptly returned.



John T. Winterich, Editor of The American Legion Monthly

Six The competition will close at 5 P.M., May 1, 1929. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time prior to that date. Early submission is encouraged.

Seven The judges of the competition will be: ALICE DUER MILLER, novelist, member of the Council of the Authors' League of America; Major General JAMES G. HARBORD, President of the Radio Corporation of America, author of "Leaves from a War Diary," former Commanding General, S.O.S., A.E.F.; RICHARD HENRY LITTLE, R.H.L. of *The Chicago Tribune*; JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor of The American Legion Monthly, and FERRIS GREENSLET, Literary Director of Houghton Mifflin Company. Their decisions on questions of eligibility and interpretations of the rules and their award shall be final.

Eight The decision will be reached by the board of judges as soon as possible after May 1, 1929, and public announcement made. The sum of \$25,000 will then be paid outright upon the signing of the contracts, as outlined in Rule One above.

Nine All manuscripts offered in the competition other than that winning the prize are to be considered as submitted to The American Legion Monthly for first serial publication, and to Houghton Mifflin Company for publication in book form on the author's customary terms or on terms to be arranged.

Ten Every contestant must fill out and attach to his complete manuscript at the time it is submitted a special blank form giving the name of the manuscript and the name and address of the author. This form can be obtained by addressing War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Enter the Air Age

AN UNFORESEEN and unforeseeable result of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris last May has been the remarkable advance toward fulfillment of The American Legion's aeronautic programme.

The airplane was demobilized in 1919 to find itself regarded chiefly as a new weapon of destruction. It was classified in the public mind with tanks and submarines. Nor was the cause of aviation helped by the grave profiteering scandals which centered about America's wartime aeronautic efforts. The frequent bickerings, fully reflected in the press, between aviation enthusiasts and the conservative elements in Army and Navy, serving to emphasize the military function of the airplane and ignoring its adaptation to the works of peace, were a further handicap.

In the face of such unpropitious developments The American Legion as a whole, and certain groups and individuals in the organization in particular, strove to correct the resulting distortion by stressing the potentialities of civil aviation.

But America declined to become air-minded—until the successful trans-Atlantic and America-Hawaii flights of 1927 miraculously accomplished the impossible.

Evidences abound that the air age has definitely arrived. On the West Coast the Guggenheim Foundation is helping to finance a model passenger airline to reduce the twelve-hour-by-train, five hundred-mile journey between Los Angeles and San Francisco to three and a half hours by air. A fleet of commodious twelve-passenger planes, multi-motored, are ready to be placed in commission. The hazards of frequent fogs over the route will be eliminated by radio-direction appliances. Indeed, radio-direction, in its present development, may be said to have defeated that worst enemy of the air pilot, blinding fog. Another airline, which has operated successfully between Los Angeles and San Diego, is being extended to El Paso. The Western Air Express, carrying passengers as well as mail between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, must turn away would-be air travelers pending the delivery of new equipment.

You can fly from Los Angeles or San Francisco to New York today for roughly four hundred dollars. The journey will take about thirty-three hours. The Boeing Air Transport Company, which operates the line from San Francisco to Chicago, originally took an air-mail contract over that route as an advertising medium, with no expectation of profit. In little more than a year's experience they have found that the two-passenger cabin planes are inadequate to

traffic demands. Four multi-motored twelve-passenger planes now building will be put in commission sometime in June. The same company has just taken over the air-mail route extending the length of the coast from Seattle to Los Angeles.

Passengers are flying daily from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Chicago. New equipment is being purchased to care for increasing patronage.

National Air Transport, operating the transcontinental air-mail service from Chicago east to New York and from Chicago south to Dallas, is in the midst of an ambitious program of expansion. Not only will Dallas business men soon be only half a day's air journey from Chicago but in addition a supplementary day flying service is being inaugurated between Chicago and Kansas City. The fare for the seven-hour air trip between New York and Chicago was originally one hundred dollars. With limited equipment and an increasing volume of air mail the company sought to discourage passenger business. It doubled the rate to two hundred dollars. The plan didn't work. Just as many people wanted to fly, and all were willing to pay the increased fare. Pending the establishment of an airport more convenient to New York than the present base at New Brunswick, New Jersey, no effort is being made to encourage passenger traffic. But within a year company traffic experts believe their bases and equipment will be improved to make passenger business desirable. The fare will probably then drop to something less than one hundred dollars.

On April 1st will be inaugurated a new air-mail extension under the management of the Pitcairn Aviation Company extending south from New York to Miami via Washington and Atlanta. The thirty-six-hour train journey to Miami will be shortened to not more than fifteen hours by air. Dallas via Chicago will be but twenty hours from New York. A line is being projected to Mexico City and possibly beyond to other Central American capitals over the trail blazed by Lindbergh.

The significant physical feature of these developments is the gradual elimination of the old open-cockpit type of plane with the passenger encumbered with parachute, flying togs, helmet and goggles. In modern passenger planes enclosed roomy cabins provide the same degree and quality of comfort and convenience as is found in a Pullman. The modern commercial plane travels with the same speed as the pursuit ships of the closing days of the war.

A year ago the small airplane factories which had sprung up to build popular-priced airplanes to replace the obsolete war machines were, for the most part, just getting by. The flood of orders which followed the Lindbergh exploit put them so far behind in deliveries that they have not yet caught up



THE COMING CAPITALS OF AMERICA

and new orders for 1928 are piling in upon them, a soul-satisfying condition that is encouraging factory expansion. Cabin designs in the smaller ships and air-cooled motors are outstanding features of the later models. Indeed the bull aviation market has sent prices sky-rocketing in the cheaper types of planes, which formerly sold at about twenty-five hundred dollars. Such ships were built around surplus war motors, chiefly the OX type, which could be bought for between one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars. For an OX motor today you will pay close to eight hundred dollars. Two European-built airplane motors are chief competitors in this field. Good business is awaiting some American manufacturer who can turn out a low-priced motor equivalent in performance to the old OX.

Aviation schools find from four to ten would-be

Lindberghs enrolled for every single student who was practising landings a year ago. Every progressive municipality in America is wrestling with an airport problem—or already has the airport, in many instances the result of local Legion agitation.

Yet another significant development pending has to do with air-mail rates. It now costs ten cents a half ounce to dispatch a letter or parcel by air. A bill now pending in Congress would reduce the rate to five cents for a full ounce. The air-mail contractors are energetically supporting it, believing that the resulting increased volume of air mail would more than compensate for the rate reduction.

The air age has arrived. There is no denying the evidence. The dark days of discouragement for the aviation pioneers are gone, dispelled by the rays of a thumping, rock-bottomed boom.

FRIENDS *and* FELLOW



Seven of them were fighting on the other side ten years ago. Today all of them are either full American citizens or have taken out their first papers. Here they are as guests of Charles A. Cusick Post of The American Legion, West New York, New Jersey. Back row (left to right) Herman Jahn, German veteran; John Ripkens, German; Hans Fritzsche, German; Arthur Wollner, German; Jacob Diebel, German; Leo Honore, American; front row: Anton Foelsel, German; Paul Roedel, German; Joseph Fenster, American; Irwin Rubenstein, American, Post Commander

A WOMAN nearing fifty picked up a copy of the *Vogtslaend Anzeiger* that a tow-headed newsboy had dropped at 11 Topfmarkt Strasse, Plauen, a city of about a hundred thousand in southwestern Saxony. Apprehensively she read a black headline: "*Einstellungs befehl 1899.*" Five months previously it had been "1897," then came "1898," and now, "1899." It meant that all youths born in the year named were summoned to appear for medical examination for military service. The date was April 21, 1917. Just a day more than two weeks had passed since the American Congress had formally declared that a state of war existed between the United States and the Imperial German Government.

To Frau Herman Roedel, 11 Topfmarkt Strasse, it meant that Paul, her youngest son, must also go. Curt, the oldest son, had been killed at St. Quentin the year before. Walter, the second son, was in the thick of it.

But, as it turned out, the war had already taken its toll from the Roedel family. Paul, and Walter as well, came through safe and sound. It was Paul, indeed, who described to me, in fluent English, the circumstances under which he had been called out. He is now living in West New York, New Jersey, right across the Hudson from mid-town New York City. He has taken out his first naturalization papers, and in a year or so will be a full-fledged citizen of the United States.

I met him among forty-three former German soldiers who were being entertained by Charles A. Cusick Post of the Legion in West New York. It is the post's custom occasionally to serve refreshments, and perhaps have an informal entertainment, after a regular business meeting. These forty-three former German soldiers were the post's guests at a specially arranged occasion of this sort.

Paul Roedel had lost a brother in the war. So had Joseph Fenster, chairman of the Legion committee of arrangements.

Several members of the Legion post had been badly wounded. One had lost a leg. The majority of the Germans had been seriously wounded at least once; some of them had gone back to war from the hospital two or three times. A doctor, the first commander of the post, was buried and injured in the leg by a gas shell not five miles from where a surgeon of the German army was then stationed who now has a practice in West New York—the two of them live a block or so from each other.

The chairman of the committee of arrangements was a corporal in the Regulars in the Philippines when the war broke out. From there he was detailed to help break in rookies at Camp Funston, and was there promoted to sergeant. He went over with the 35th Division, receiving his baptism of fire with the Anzacs in the Somme. He wound up his war in the Argonne, where he was gassed and lay in the field for three days before he was finally picked up and bundled off to spend some months at Base 90, Châteauroux. The war, furthermore, took Fenster's brother Arthur, a veteran of the Spanish War, who was killed in the Argonne six days before the Armistice.

Fenster was but one veteran among several—American and German—who had a pretty good idea of what war was like. No need to go into that. Preaching was banned. But of course for such an odd occasion a few explanations would be in order. Three prominent members of the post attended to that part of the program, which required less than ten minutes. Then a mother whose son had given his life for his country—she was present as a guest of honor—spoke briefly.

What Joseph Fenster had to say was typical. One of his remarks was, "The American Legion is not a military organization." No news, of course, to Legionnaires; but reassuring to the guests of the evening nevertheless. Then he made an unvarnished admission to the ex-soldiers of Germany such as only one ex-soldier could make to another. He said, "By serving your country i.i

CITIZENS *By STETSON CLARK*



John Ripkens sent this picture home to Germany from the Russian front in 1917. John is in the back row, a little to the left of the center, his chin covered up by the cap of one of the card-players—anybody care to bet that the game isn't pinochle? To study John as he looks today, consult the picture on the opposite page, where he is Number Two in the rear rank

time of war you did your patriotic duty just as we of The American Legion would have done had we been in Germany." Three or four more sentences and he was done.

A few movies, then refreshments and smokes. Here and there members of the post cropped up who could speak or understand German. Some of them had picked it up while with the Army of Occupation. Several conversations that I happened to overhear were carried on in German on one side and English on the other. The parties to them could express themselves more easily in their own tongue but knew enough of the other to understand it. Three or four of the Germans could already speak English with considerable fluency. The reason for this was that with but one or two exceptions every one of them either is now or has been a student of the West New York night school.

Just about the time Joseph Fenster's brother was killed in the Argonne, Wehrmann Paul Roedel of the 139th German Infantry was taken prisoner by the British near Bethune. Roedel and a comrade were on reconnaissance when the British came over and found them hiding in a couple of shell holes.

"They waved their arms at us to go along back and said something that I couldn't understand at that time, of course, because I did not know English," Roedel explained. "But we got the idea all right. And they called us Jerry. I understood that much.

"The Americans were with the

British, and if we had been a hundred yards to the left we would have been American prisoners. Later on I wished we had been. You see we were kept for a year or so after that at the detention camp at Bethune, and had to work building roads and filling shell holes. The Americans' prisoners got more and better food than we did."

Hans Fritzsche, who was among those present, was wounded at

Metz in 1918 by a bomb dropped by an American flyer. He was in the 12th Artillery, and the horse that he was riding at the time was blown out from under him. His wound was in the leg, and it kept him in hospital for about a year. Fritzsche was eighteen when he was called into service, early in 1916, and saw duty in Austria and Macedonia as well as on the Western Front.

Three Germans in the group picture shown here finished the war without a scratch. They were Anton Foelsel, who was in a bicycle pursuit unit attached to the Bavarian Cavalry, in Rumania and the Caucasus; Arthur Wollner, who was in a sanitary company attached to the 47th Infantry, and Jacob Diebel, who was a sailor on submarine U-67. It so happened that Diebel's boat was an old timer, built before the war, and was considered fit for no more exciting duty than patrol in the game of watchful-waiting naval warfare in the North Sea.

Just as the "mosquito fleet" figured quite a bit in (Continued on page 70)



Joseph Fenster, American veteran, and Paul Roedel, German veteran. Each lost a brother in the war

HERE'S



Fifth Episode: BIGGER AND BETTER UPLIFT

WITH the first bright days of spring the Gang's domain was invaded by a crusading scourge of Uplifters.

When this moral delousing plant had marched onward to bigger and better fields of sin, an example of human perfection was left on the warehouse job in the person of Alonzo Bluke. "I shall remain as a sort of sentinel—a shield interposed between your men and the temptations which throng about them," Alonzo explained to the Loot, seeking official recognition and moral support.

"Go to it—they're steeped in sin," the Loot assented. "Most of 'em need sentinels."

Following the plague of Uplifters had come what is known as a Series of Events.

Back in the U. S. A. the women prepared to vote, corset makers turned their factories over to the manufacture of gas masks, and a famous soprano scored heavily with "Home Sweet Home."

A detachment of telephone girls landed in war-torn France and arrangements were made whereby French war-orphans could be taken care of for five hundred francs per year.

A visiting fireman, making "a pilgrimage to the Temple of Heroism," enjoyed his "first contact with the actualities of war" in a Paris wine cellar. Orders issued making it imperative that the A. E. F. shave every other day.

The Distinguished Service Medal, garden seeds and Uplifters became part of the rewards and penalties of heroism; but neither telephone girls, shaves, war orphans, garden seeds, corset makers nor votes for women bothered the Gang. Engaged in their own activities in the back yard of the Temple of Heroism, they let the rest of the world drift by until Alonzo Bluke dived into the scene.

Forthwith the Alonzo problem became acute.

Not content with laboring in his own local vineyard in the U. S. A., striving to make his immediate vicinity a better place to live in, Alonzo the Uplifter had invaded the S. O. S. as soon as he discovered that the experience would be safe and pleasant with all expenses paid.

News of the Uplifter's arrival spread rapidly through the Gang's huts on the warehouse job. Alonzo had made a running start with his local reputation.

"Before I seen that he didn't have no backin'-up strap on his

belt I dished out a salute, and what d'ya suppose the son-of-a-gun did?" a disgruntled member of the Gang announced.

"Probably asked you to help him carry something."

"A fat chance—do you know what he done? He took the salute like a jigadier brindle and come back with it before I seen he was a Uplifter. For two clackers I'd 'a' crowned him. I thought they was a law against them birds comin' around here."

Spike Randall contributed a bit of information relative to Uplifters. "Law against 'em? Boy—it looks like there's an epidemic of 'em around this part of France. There must of been a shipload come across with those telephone girls. What did this bird look like?"

"Looked just like an undertaker except for the leggin's he was wearin'."

"You ain't got no kick comin' yet. The chances are he's on his way through this camp. We don't need no uplift. Ever since we been sidesteppin' these next-door neighbors and coverin' a little more ground we been settin' pretty. Chuck and I went six miles past the furthest place they'd ever seen a M. P. last Sunday."

"Easy enough for you and Chuck to make the grade in that flivver of yours. Some guys has all the luck. Wish I could get transferred into your telephone crew about a week so I could see some country."

Enjoying peculiar advantages derived from the possession of a two-ton truck and a flivver, Spike Randall and his telephone detail had managed to explore a zone far beyond the pedestrian limit where in a sideline of duty they had uncovered many of the hidden delights of the more distant reaches of their environment.

Little villages and inns where they were welcomed, private residences where they could eat hearty, drink in peace, and enjoy the companionship of affable French people, served to make a job with Spike and his telephone gang a capital prize in the military lottery.

At first the telephone detail had been careful to guard its pleasant sanctuaries and to keep them well under cover; but friendship is friendship, and in a little while Patsy and Fat and Mike and twenty more charter members of the Gang were welcome visitors in more than fifty places off the beaten path

LUCK!

By HUGH WILEY

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



*The clutching hand of
the leading pursuer
closed on a clammy
fold of the frightened
runner's costume*

between Bordeaux and Libourne.

Seven miles south of the warehouse project was the village of Arborsac. The little hamlet was undistinguished from other settlements which drowsed apart from the alarms of war, save that its population included Cleopatra, red-headed queen of village queens. By the Gang's unanimous vote, in a field of beauties who had charmed the brave and loving Soldats Americains, Cleopatra was a three-time winner.

She of the flaming hair, born in Algiers, lived on the edge of Arborsac in an old stone house where, with her husband's mother, she waited in vain for her man's returning because he was too pleasantly employed in Paris.

Behind her house was a little enclosure of ground on a southern slope, and here were vines planted from whose grapes wines of rare flavor had been pressed; and on another patch of ground bordering the shade of three ancient trees there was a patch of strawberries whose juices matched Cleopatra's hair.

Without being dangerous, something about the Algerian girl suggested danger, and that may have been her attraction for the hardened veterans in the Gang who had been everywhere and had seen everything.

Wine and strawberries, a free afternoon, sunshine that meant something—"Hot dam, soldier, home was never like this!"

Then, when the local paradise had begun to live up to specifications, prowling into the scene came the invading Uplifter.

For a while the human soul seemed to be his objective, and then he began to promote jolly athletic meets.

"Jimmy the Ink has got a new dish for you rabble," the Top

confided to the Gang after supper had been salvaged and before the evening's activities had claimed free members of the Gang. "It came in the afternoon mail. The Loot said to post it on the board and to hell with it. You birds better read it and see what you're up against."

An inspection of the bulletin board disclosed the fact that Alonzo Bluke would forthwith consecrate himself to the physical welfare of all troops in the camp. "He sure come loaded. That order is got the O. K. of the Base Commander on it."

"Boy, that's what we need—bokoo physical welfare. Juggle ourselves a flock of warehouses all day long and see how fast you can make a hundred-yard dash when Alonzo shoots the gun after supper."

"That louse better look some place else for customers. Personally I wouldn't wish no more physical culture than I get fightin' that damn' Belgian bullgine all day long. That muscle maniac is going to be just as popular as that dope they put in the drinking water at Genimont—and he pains me the same way."

"Maybe all he aims to do is take care of these idle tourists that drift through here—most of those outfits don't do nothing but lay around camp all day anyhow."

Old Pop Sibley contributed a philosophical comment on the problem. "You boys take it easy," he advised. "If wust comes to wust, the Loot kin hang him or a grievance committee could take it up with General Pershing. The chances are he don't aim to pester us hired hands none."

Alas for prophecy. In the S. O. S. the best laid plans had a habit of going wrong. "Finish Warehouse 38 by Friday night," the Loot had announced, "and as far as I'm concerned you can have Saturday and Sunday all your own." Then, making the holiday more worth while, "Spike is in the clear on that Libourne wire, and maybe he'll detail Chuck and the two-ton truck to haul you wherever you want to go. Rig it up any way you want, but you'd better keep away from the bright lights."

Midway of their plans for a two-day ruckus, "Everything's busted sideways," Red Walker announced, coming into the Gang's hut with news of an impending disaster. "Blowed high, wide an' handsome! The Uplifter is pulling an athletic meet. Busts up that artillery ball game, ruins them stevedore boys' minstrel show, knocks the passes all to hell and gums our own game from soup to sinkers. Everybody turns out Saturday afternoon for a workout, the order says, and then Sunday everybody rallies for a mess of running and jumping and junk like that."

"I'm too durned old to run and jump," Pop Sibley protested when the silence had become ominous.

"You ain't too old to cheer for the winner—nobody gets loose. Whoever sidesteps the spotlight in Alonzo's game has got to stick close alongside to help with the cheering."

An informal investigating committee, seeking the Loot's counsel, found nothing to comfort them. "Orders is orders," the Loot set forth. "This bird has got us tied in a sack with his hand-picked holiday. We've got to draw cards and sit into the game whether we like it or not. I might make a play for two or three squads, but the Alonzo bird has got the whole company roped and there she lays."

Assembling to discuss the thing, "It's just like the Loot says," one of the Gang affirmed. "He can't kidnap the company and he don't want to play no favorites. We're up against this thing—let's go through with it."

Forthwith, having resolved to go through with whatever Uplifter Alonzo Blue might have in store for them, a dozen members of the Gang devoted themselves to formulating some scheme whereby this first general atrocity perpetrated by Alonzo Blue might mark the end of his activities.

Late that night Isadog and Juggler, wrestling with the problem, struck the first stringer that later led the Gang to a pay streak of rich revenge. "Get Spike outside here till we tell it to him," Isadog directed. "We can't do nothing unless he sees it our way. You dead sure about that new M. P. detachment?"

Juggler spoke with undue harshness. "Listen, Isadog, you infidel skeptic, I told you once me and this Buck Hammer that's sergeant of the M. P. detail worked a claim together in Placer County all one summer. While Buck's runnin' them M. P.'s they're just like we owned 'em. Go on and round up Spike and I'll meet you at the cafe at Vayres."

Half an hour later, apart from the rest of the world in the back room of the little inn on the river bank at Vayres, Spike and Isadog met the waiting Juggler. An unusual enthusiasm marked the latter's mood, while Isadog, more given to exhibiting his varying temperament, held himself under control only by exercising deliberate efforts to that end.

"Listen, Spike," he said excitedly as the parley began, "we got this Alonzo Blue man standing with one foot on a banana peel and the other touching a trolley wire. You lend us Chuck and your two-ton truck, and by Monday morning that file closer in Mister Uplifter's army won't be nothing but a gap in the ranks. Listen while I tell you what Juggler and I got framed . . ."

NEWS of the forthcoming field day spread rapidly through the various organizations engaged on the warehouse project, and in a little while the event promised to gratify Alonzo Blue's wildest ambitions.

"The enthusiasm of the men is quite touching," he wrote to a brother Uplifter back in the United States. "The track meet and general jollification which I am arranging for the boys around here next Sunday promises to be quite popular. It is very gratifying to see the way the flower of Democracy shuns the local temptations whenever opportunity for good, clean sport is vouchsafed unto them. I have wrestled with my conscience about the matter of indulging in sports on the Sabbath, but a still, small voice within me seems to say that it is well that the hills and dales of this fair land should become a temple wherein our soldier boys might approach a little nearer to spiritual beauties while resting from their labors."

While Alonzo was wrestling with his conscience concerning the Sunday fiesta, that event, enjoying a normal increment of publicity from the current gossip related beyond the confines of the warehouse project, enlisted to its support half of the local French population. On Saturday when the tryouts for the various events were being staged the camp was thronged with spectators interested in the sport of the Americans.

The innocent bystanders included representatives of both sexes, and this immediately imposed a problem relative to suitable athletic raiment. The problem was finally solved by a genius who suggested the lower half of a B. V. D. equipment appropriately altered by means of a needle and thread. "A man can't run and jump in his uniform, and them denim overalls clutters his legs all up. That flannel underwear is no good. Only thing to do is to sew up a pair of B. V. D. drawers."

"Ain't we goin' to wear no shirts?"

"Sure we're goin' to wear shirts. They got to paint numbers on 'em for one thing to tell who you are, and for another thing the flies around camp since we got so many visitors would eat you up."

The various outfits in the camp contributed large detachments of ambitious applicants for the preliminary tryouts. When it developed that the athletic talent in the Gang included no one capable of shining in any of the events save the three-mile run, the Uplifter graciously permitted the Gang to assume a private title to this part of the affair.

"This three-mile cross-country run will be your very own celebration," Alonzo announced to the Gang. "But remember, fellows, if you are not used to continued exertion it will be a trying affair for you. I trained for the mile at the Seminary for months and months before our physical instructor let me try the longer distances. . . . Of course, leading you as I shall, I will be enabled to hold the pace down to something not too strenuous. Remember—we are not trying to break any records. We are going into this only for the glorious exhilaration that comes when mind and body are perfectly attuned."

While all of this mush was being ladled out to the Gang by the uplifting Alonzo, Spike Randall exchanged the compliments of the season and other friendly sentiments with Sergeant Kinsey of the negro labor battalion, whose efforts were just then contributing so largely to the construction program of the storage depot.

Sergeant Kinsey, one of the best soldiers in the A. E. F., listened with attentive ear. When Spike had outlined his requirements a broad smile of understanding spread over the black man's honest face.

"Six or eight of your men will be enough," Spike concluded, "but the main thing will be to pick a crew out of your outfit who can jabber in French."

"Dat comes mighty easy to some of dese niggers," Sergeant Kinsey returned. "Mighty lot of 'em comes f'm Loosiana an' is already agile wid dis French talk."

A little while later, to a selected group of his protégés in the labor battalion, "Listen at me whilst you gits commanded!" the black and burly Sergeant Kinsey ordered. Forthwith, in accordance with Spike Randall's specifications, a program covering the immediate future was communicated to the detail in a strictly military manner.

"Filiate wid dem French niggers someplace tonight an' 'range fo' yo' raiment," Sergeant Kinsey advised his flock. "Dat's all I got to tell you 'cept one thing—does ennybody make enny



An example of
human perfection
—Alonzo Blue



"What the hell!" A deep bass voice from the doorway cut through the convulsive sobs of the frantic girl

mistakes, de nex' bugle music whut he hears is gwine to be played by de Angel Gabriel on his resurrecktin' horn . . . Detail—'tenshun! Dis—misted!"

While the blackface detail was getting its orders Spike Randall, following his conversation with Sergeant Kinsey, had made a quick exit toward Arborsac in the telephone crew's flivver.

Arrived at the village, he went directly to an inn where, lingering over a glass of beer, he exchanged a few items of gossip with half a dozen villagers. Had the peaceful town of Arborsac been

molested by any chance by any of the escaped patients from the Americans' insane hospital?

Up to date it appeared that Arborsac had been spared.

That was indeed fortunate, but with the epidemic of insanity which had suddenly afflicted some of the homesick troops, in Spike's opinion vigilance was the price of safety. Alas for the dread by-products of the conflict! Escaped prisoners, escaped crazy men—the land had indeed fallen into evil days . . . But with the brave Sergeant Hammer of the (Continued on page 46)

WHILE the eyes of the world last fall were upon that amazing pilgrimage of American patriots to the land of the great adventure, the spotlight of international interest was switched suddenly from the Second A. E. F. to another momentous circumstance that loomed with a mighty fanfare of trumpets out of the east.

Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg had a birthday.

The cables groaned under the weight of detailed dispatches heralding the great event in all its magnificent and varied details. Headlines loomed large and black for several days in the American press. The birthday anniversary vied with the world series scores as a subject of popular interest. The stern visage of Paul etc. von Hindenburg glared forth at folks from the front pages in his very latest photo.

Hindenburg showered with costly gifts. Hindenburg receives German ovation. Hindenburg birthday presents overflow palace. Hindenburg reviews monster parade in Berlin. It was all broadcast by the press agencies, the movies, radio, with a zest that is given only to major events of world interest.

In Germany, of course, it was a day off. A nation roused itself to a fever of adulation, of hero worship for a national idol. Millions shouted in patriotic fervor, in well wishes for many happy returns of the auspicious day. From far and near came the guests of honor. Erich von Ludendorff. More cheering. August von Mackensen. Hoch! And the lesser vons in full regalia of field marshals, colonel generals, captain generals. Even a few such low rankers as major generals.

As these Teuton lesser luminaries greet their old-time chieftain amid deafening cheers from banked-in multitudes, the movie cameras grind frantically. Hindenburg, riding in the parade that follows, pauses for a moment to chat with a disabled veteran. Perhaps he is curious to know whether his buddy got hit in the Aisne-Marne or the Meuse-Argonne. The cameras record the incident and the world gets to see the interview, if not hear it. Troops, the flower of what's left of the once-great German war machine, goose-step by. Around the world goes the picture of Hindenburg receiving their salute.

SOME months prior to this birthday of such world-wide proportions, a gentleman of the name of Hunter Liggett had a birthday. If the society reporter in the Liggett home town of San Francisco made no mention of an anniversary demonstration, perhaps it was because there was no such event to record. Mrs. Hunter Liggett presented her husband with a box of his favorite Manila cigars, wished him many happy returns of the day—and that's all there was to it.

Ask the first ten average American citizens at approximately what season of the year Hunter Liggett came into the world and you will be met by a blank stare. All of them doubtless will be able to tell you something of the Hindenburg party. A few will remember that it was in October and possibly one or two will name the date—October 2d. But the majority will tell you that they were not aware that any gentleman of the name of Hunter Liggett was ever born.

Memory speeds us back to that most breathless moment in American history—in world history. The Teuton war Frankenstein which gave von Hindenburg his fame was gathered for the fatal lunge. Friedensturm! The hour of German victory was at hand. From the Chemin-des-Dames to the Marne the Prussian hosts had blasted their way through steel and blood. Now one final massed lunge down the valley of the Marne to Paris. A German peace!

Into this crimson crisis America's first divisions had to be thrown. It could not matter that they were not yet fully trained for battle. This was an emergency that counted no cost. Civilization was at stake in the monstrous storm that was blowing upon the Marne. American pluck, American character and American morale must perform the miracle of crossing swords with seasoned German shock troops, battle-wise and confident.



March 21, 1857



March 20, 1862



April 13, 1859

UNKNOWN

By Ared

In this crisis the Allied high commanders did not abandon their skepticism of American high command and staff. They wanted

American young manhood sandwiched in under French corps and army tactical control. Grudgingly they consented to an American army corps under the tactical command of its own general—but when this was finally arranged, the American general was not allowed to take over his Corps until July 4, 1918, a few days before the Prussian hurricane broke.

Hunter Liggett was selected for this critical test. The lives of fifty thousand American fighting men were entrusted to his discretion as battle leader, together with a French fighting division. These were made into the now famous First Corps. It was the first time an American officer had commanded an army corps as a fighting entity in action since Civil War days. Something more than General Liggett's life was placed in the balance. His military reputation was lost if the untried First Corps flattened out or fumbled



October 4, 1863—Died 1924



March 4, 1867

Two other American divisions were brought up to help stop the initial German onslaught. Dickman's Third Division was given a place in the French Sixth Army just east of Château-Thierry and Menoher's Forty-Second Division went to the Fourth French



January 15, 1861



October 6, 1857—Died 1927



May 21, 1868

See page 79 for
key to names of
general officers
shown on these
two pages

BIRTHDAYS

White

Wilhelm was to be kept out of Paris, someone had to hold. Falling back—back—back; such tactics were ruinous. That was what had permitted the enemy to reach the Marne. A giant of a man—mentally and physically—with a kindly nature, a personality that radiated confidence, a knowledge not only of tactics but of the endless volume of minutiae that go into the successful tactical employment of large bodies of troops, General Liggett was able to impress his personality upon his fighting men and see that they were as ready for the crisis as it was humanly possible to make them.



January 5, 1861

broke July 15th. Four days later General Liggett and his men were crossing the Marne in irresistible counter-attack on the first leg of a journey that would have landed an American field army in Berlin had not the Hindenburg crew hoisted the white flag of November 11th.

While the German onslaught of mid-July raged at the height of its crimson fury and the world held its breath, even American General Headquarters at Chaumont was in a state of high nervous tension. News from the seething conflict was meager. It was an hour for desperate fighting—a time when men and commanders put every-

thing they had into the struggle. Reports by indorsement hereon, even hurried special reports by telegraph to the highest American headquarters, had to wait while every ounce of energy went into more important duties. Finally, as the crisis of this epic struggle passed its zenith, a brief message reached headquarters from General Liggett.

How the Americans held on the Marne is one of the bright pages in military history. How the untried American corps commander clearly established the fitness of Americans for high command is a part of the new tradition of the American service. The German *Friedensturm*

“We’ve got the German army in a hell of a fix down here.” Rather brief but to the point. Typically American, it deserved a better fate than it received—deleted by the censor. In fact, that’s pretty much what happened to this brilliant American general who would have been a popular idol of the American people if they had been permitted to know him while he was leading the American hosts in battle—the American soldier on horseback overseas.

If Hunter Liggett had done nothing more than successfully command the First American Corps on the Marne he would deserve a place among the conspicuous names of American war history. But that was only a small beginning. Four days after his men had held on the Marne, he demonstrated his capacity as a tactical commander of large bodies of troops in the attack that sent the enemy flying back across the Vesle—the beginning of the German end. More American troops were hurried forward to support him. The gallant Fourth and Seventy-Seventh Divisions and a brigade of the famous Twenty-Eighth Division were added to the Liggett corps. The French gave him another full division of their poilus.

In the twenty-six immortal days of the Liggett corps’ counter offensive which followed the stopping of the Germans on the Marne an advance was made of thirty-three kilometers. The corps captured 674 prisoners from eleven different German fighting divisions. The result also set at rest forever in Allied minds all question of American high command. Within a month another American army corps was proclaimed under its own commander, General Robert L. Bullard—and plans were speeded up for formation of the First American Army.

General Degoutte, French Sixth Army commander, paying the first official battle tribute to American effort, published his estimate of the fighting First Corps in General Orders. “During twenty days of incessant combat, they liberated numerous French villages,” the French orders proclaim, using round numbers. “They achieved, across a most difficult terrain, an advance of forty kilometers. Their glorious deeds are marked by the names which will illuminate in the future the military history of the United States. The magnificent results attained are due to the energy and ability of the commanders and to the bravery of the soldiers.”

Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg must have got an inkling during July that here was an intrepid new leader with whom he would have to reckon in the future—at least in all matter excepting possibly the relative (Continued on page 50)



July 18, 1860



September 24, 1863

The GIRL WHO WORE O. D.

ONE day in the early summer of 1917 Commissioner William McIntyre of

By Alexander Gardiner

the Salvation Army opened his morning mail to discover to his surprise that his two daughters, Irene and Gladys, though something like four hundred miles apart, had taken the same occasion to ask him a single question. "Can you get me into Salvation Army war work?" it ran in effect. Though there were probably hundreds of other words in each letter nobody now knows what they were.

The Commissioner, being an idealistically practical man—witness the fact that almost all his life has been spent in Salvation Army work—reasoned that the two young girls had been corresponding and had decided that the way to get what they wanted was to advance to the attack in force. But there were any number of factors to be considered. For one thing, there was their mother. And had they stopped to consider just what they were trying to do? So he wrote from his New York office to Gladys, enjoying a vacation at the shore, and to her older sister Irene, who was engaged in legal work for a Rochester, New York, publishing house, and sought enlightenment. The replies he received convinced him that while, curiously, neither had spoken or written to the other about war service both were terribly in earnest in their request. They were all for action.

It wasn't an easy request to grant. The United States had been in the war only a few months, and the Salvation Army in this country had hardly swung into its war work activities. The two girls were young—Irene had been graduated from Mt. Holyoke College four years before and had a background of business and travel in Europe in the hectic days of early August, 1914, but Gladys was hardly out of her 'teens and was still attending Pratt Institute. Furthermore they were not Salvation Army officers, a circumstance that ordinarily would have been enough to bar them.

But these were extraordinary times, and the Commissioner, weighing the matter, decided that if his daughters wanted to serve their country through his organization he would give them all the help he could. As one of the higher officers of the Salvation Army—he was in charge of the work in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey—his help was a big factor. In August Irene gave up her job in Rochester and returned to the family home in Mount Vernon, New York, and with Gladys waited for the decision. It was November before they received their appointments, but before the first of the year they had sailed with fifteen other Salvation Army workers and were stationed in the Gondrecourt training area with the First Division. And when the Division went up into the so-called quiet Toul sector that

winter, the McIntyre sisters were among the Salvation Army workers who accompanied the troops. There they

stayed when the First went on up to Cantigny and was relieved by the Twenty-Sixth.

It was at Ansauville in this sector, during the fighting between the New England troops and the Germans in April, that the McIntyres had their baptism of fire. Their coffee-and-doughnut factory in a ruined shed in Ansauville just behind Seicheprey was in the line of German fire and was doing a big business with the soldiers going up into and coming out of the line. Officers protested that the girls must really go to the rear, but it was not until an artillery colonel supplemented his offer of a buckboard and a couple of mules to take them back, with a direct order that they would have to go that they closed up the shop. Shells fell about them as they went to the rear and later one scored a direct hit on the hut they had abandoned.

In her two hundred and fifty-six days under enemy fire, Irene McIntyre was twice gassed and twice received the unusual distinction of a personal citation in Army orders. She saw more of the war at close quarters than any other American woman. One of her citations read:

"Under fire of high explosives and gas, she established and conducted huts that were noted for their good cheer and hospitality. Her courage and devotion to her voluntary work were a splendid inspiration to the troops."

Almost nine and one-half years after the fighting about Ansauville, Irene McIntyre Walbridge paid a visit to Ansauville as part of the pilgrimage she was making with The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary to the places hallowed by sacrifice of American troops. The village had changed, of course. But the thing that interested her most was the sight of the small apple tree blooming in the garden of the place where she had been billeted. On that very spot had been an old apple tree which she had seen blown to bits by shellfire. Her visit to Ansauville and other parts of the old front came a short time after the Auxiliary at its convention in Paris had named her its president for this year. It was as Mrs. Robert Walbridge of Peterborough, New Hampshire, that she was chosen. She was married to Mr. Walbridge, a former lieutenant in Co. B, 103d Machine Gun Battalion, Twenty-Sixth Division, in 1921. He is a past commander of the Legion post in Peterborough.

It was from the presidency of the New Hampshire Department of the Auxiliary that Mrs. Walbridge was called to this job. For two years she was the inspired leader of her Department in its work for ex-service men. At the end of 1927 only three active Legion posts in the Department of New



Irene McIntyre (now Mrs. Robert Walbridge) receiving the Twenty-Sixth Division's citation from Major General Clarence R. Edwards. Gladys McIntyre, her sister, stands next to her. The McIntyres were the only members of their sex cited by the New England Division



Now—and then. Mrs. Robert Walbridge, President of The American Legion Auxiliary. At the right, Mrs. Walbridge (then Irene McIntyre) and her sister serving coffee and doughnuts at Ansaunville, France, in 1918 a few days before they and other Salvation Army workers were under German fire. Left to right, the girls are Gladys McIntyre, Irene McIntyre, and Stella Young



Hampshire were without Auxiliary units. The Auxiliary in the Department numbered 3500 members, a two-year increase of some 1500. In membership the New Hampshire Auxiliaries rank proportionately second in the country. Under difficult conditions Mrs. Walbridge traveled twenty thousand miles within her Department in two years, inspiring the members to greater achievements. Under her direction the finances of the Department were completely reorganized and a budget system was adopted, with the result that a balance has been created for strictly Department uses in excess of the former annual income. Permanent headquarters has been established, with a full-time secretary. And every activity outlined by the national organization is in actual operation in the Department.

On that record the Auxiliary at its Paris convention placed her at the head of the organization.

The news, sent to the United States by the various press associations and special correspondents, probably interested no group outside the Legion more than the New Hampshire alumnae of Mt. Holyoke College and members of the class of 1913 at Mt. Holyoke. Since becoming a resident of New Hampshire, Mrs. Walbridge's interests, outside of the Auxiliary, have been directed toward work in her college alumnae association. Among her

classmates, who are of course scattered throughout the country, there was pride that one of their number had been chosen to the Auxiliary's highest office. And as one of them expressed it in a letter to me, "I believe all of her classmates would say of her office in the Legion Auxiliary: 'Wouldn't you know Irene would reach such a position?'—and the Legion Auxiliary is indeed fortunate to have her for their president—success to her and the organization!"

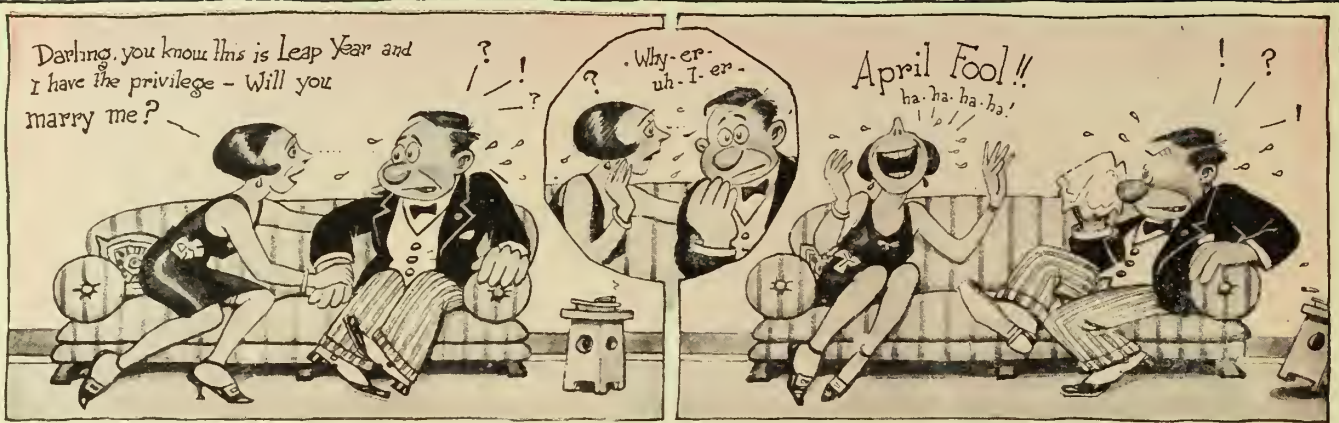
Another member of Mt. Holyoke, 1913, reveals that Irene was voted the "most artistic" of her class, and adds:

"Her skill in any kind of handwork (Continued on page 58)

APRIL FOOLS

Being Some Bloomers That Flower in the Spring

By Wallgren



The party who forgot it was Leap Year—

—and the girl who remembered her dates—perfectly



— Sunday— April 1st— Watch your step—

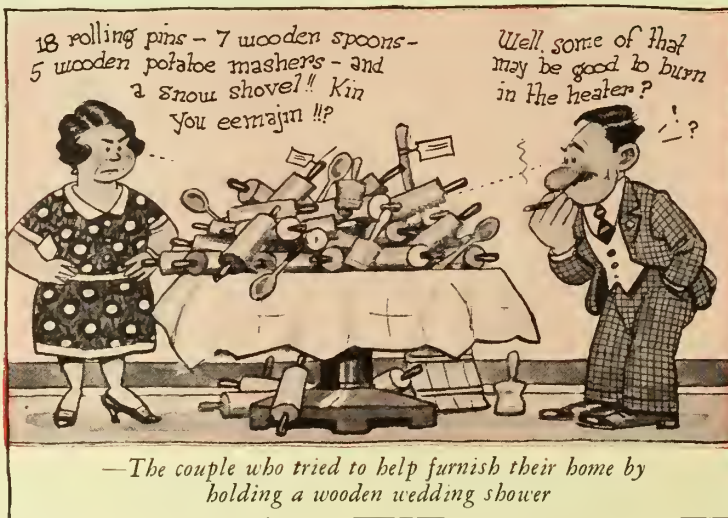
APRIL



These women have the Queerest ideas about weather!!



The day he was prepared—



—The couple who tried to help furnish their home by holding a wooden wedding shower

SHOWERS



—and the day he wasn't

❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

WHITE CROSSES of the cemeteries set in white blankets; snow five or six inches deep at Château-Thierry; snow in the Argonne and all the way to St. Mihiel; Mont Sec hidden in a snow-storm; the roof of the old billets in Lorraine carpeted with snow. I could not go to the Paris convention, but recently I have been in France—and seeing the battlefields under the snow I wished for a truck load of sleds to distribute in a French village. Snow comes so rarely, it vanishes so quickly in that region, that the French children have no sleds.

Over the Old Trail

IN PARIS THE effects of the Legion visit still lingered. Resident Americans speak of it with pride. They feel more important in French eyes as a result. On a wall on the Champs Elysées there still remained Pershing's words: "All we have is yours to dispose of as you will." When this reaches you it will be ten years since they were spoken in that crisis as the German advance of '18 swept over the old battlefield of the Somme and the Allies held their breath in fear lest the war might be lost. All we had to the last man. Therefore is the Legion always welcome.

ON THE ROAD from Château-Thierry to Fismes I stopped to talk with an old woman and her seventeen-year-old son who spoke some English. She had seen some of the Legionnaires go by but looked in vain for Bill. He was a great laugh, was Bill, they said; he made a laugh of everything. Said the son, "'War ees hell but eet's no good to keek against hell,' Bill would say, and he laugh that beeg laugh." Said the mother, "When you see Beel, tell him I'd like to hear his laugh again." "Where was he from?" I asked. "He came from out West." "What was his last name?" "I never know—just Beel."

MORE EX-SERVICE MEN will be up for office in the coming campaign than ever before. There can not be too many. It promises to be a hot campaign. It may even be bitter. This is a warning in time that no candidate, no party, must ever use Legion influence for any partisan political end. Keep to the straight road in this campaign and the last outside doubter that the Legion cannot keep out of politics will have been convinced, as fair-minded people long ago were convinced. In politics as citizens, deep in, but never as Legionnaires. Any other course is unthinkable.

Keep Out and Yet Be In

SAID A FRENCHMAN: "I thought your veterans might boast. They did not." He added impressively, "And they had no hate of the Germans whom they fought. They seem to have no racial hates." War if you must, but hold no hatred. This will make more wars. A good reputation for a nation made up of all races—a nation without hate.

A Nation Without Hate

OUR MAIL PLANES carry two and a half tons of mail a day. In Bolivia you go by plane in two and a half hours the distance that formerly took two weeks over mountain passes. England is building a dirigible to take passengers in two days from London to New York. Americans propose new steamers to cut down the steam trip to four days. The faster we travel, the smaller the world, the better we know one another.

Ever More Speed

FROST COMING OUT of the ground; storm doors off; fire soon out of the furnace; ploughing and planting season. It is spring and time to say it again—bats, balls, and a place to play for the youngsters. They are surely out of mischief then, exercising muscles—and also lungs. And an airport next to the diamond, so they can see the planes light and hop off, makes an ideal combination.

It Doesn't Cost Much

ONE BY ONE G. A. R. and Confederate posts disband. This year may see the last G. A. R. national reunion. Fifty of his descendants and all the people of his home town of Paris, (Missouri), joined in celebrating the one hundredth birthday of William Buckner. He sat on the porch of his comfortable home to receive them. He is able to take a stroll in fair weather. Civil War Veterans are yet young fellows to him. As for those kids the World War Veterans . . .

Dwindling White Heads

WHICH EDITOR OF our post and department papers has the record for service? I see only a few of the papers. I wish that I saw more. So I was pleased when Editor Burns of the Taunton (Massachusetts) *Liaison* thought of me and asked "Do you get the book?" I have it now. It is a good book. What a nation-wide range the others I have just been reading from the Pittsfield (Massachusetts) *Star Shell*, *Empire State Legionnaire* of New York, and *Gas Mask and Argonne Post* of Iowa to *Weekly* (Continued on page 70)

Who Has the Record?



KEEPING

Moral Cyclone

THREE years ago a tornado mowed a wide path across southern Illinois, from the Mississippi River to the Wabash, killing hundreds of persons and leveling thousands of buildings. The Legionnaires of posts in a dozen devastated towns rallied almost before the roar of the wind had subsided and in darkness and rain carried the dead and injured from the wreckage, manned automobiles as ambulances, established hospitals in schools and libraries, stopped fires and guarded against looting. Everywhere in southern Illinois the work the Legion did three years ago is a tradition.

Southern Illinois lately has been exposed to another trial. Widespread unemployment in the coal mining towns was followed by an alarming outbreak of crime. In the town of Christopher, where only six thousand persons live, burglaries and hold-ups averaged six a night early in February. Something had to be done. Christopher, touched lightly by the tornado, was up against an emergency. The moral cyclone terrified citizens almost as much as the big wind. Mayor O. H. Lewis decided that the time had come once more for The American Legion to go into action. He appealed to the Legion post of his town. It heard his call. Twenty-five Legionnaires volunteered for police service, were formally sworn in as officers and went on night patrol duty. Almost immediately night crimes ceased. But householders, behind their locked doors, slept soundly on later nights because they knew the Legion guard was still patrolling darkened streets.

The Sun Comes Out

HERRIN, Illinois, is near the town of Christopher. It is the center of the delta between the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers that is known as Egypt in Illinois. Egypt is where the south begins. The winds are a little warmer. The drawl is a trifle slower. Hospitality is a bit more genuine. A town of beauty, fine spirit, wealth and ambition is Herrin, but its finer attributes in recent years have been overshadowed by the nationally-heralded news of murders and street battles—a heritage of feuds and vendettas which have flourished for fifty years. Locally, the Vendetta of 1876 is remembered as vividly as the more recent happenings which put Herrin's name on all newspaper front pages.

When Herrin Prairie Post of The American Legion began

working, everybody in the town found common ground in the post's program for community betterment. One of the first things the post did was to ask the city officials to commit to its charge one of the principal streets. Thirteenth Street was rechristened Legion Boulevard. The post spent several thousand dollars for shrubbery, trees and flowers. Legion Boulevard today is Herrin's Riverside Drive.

Later Herrin Prairie Post found the whole town behind it when it erected at the intersection of two main streets a World War monument. The unveiling ceremonies were held on Labor Day in 1926 with the Williamson-Jackson counties labor celebration. Past National Commander Milton J. Foreman spoke.

When Herrin was getting ready to observe last Christmas Day, Legionnaires had not forgotten that in the midst of plenty there was want, that in a city which had abundant fuel from its own mines many hearths were cold, that there were heartaches while Christmas carols were being sung. With the help of the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Elks and women's clubs, Herrin Prairie Post assembled Christmas presents for all the children of the town and distributed them at a Christmas party that gave Herrin the finest example of community cheer it had ever known. Of course there was a Christmas tree and Santa Claus appeared with his reindeer.



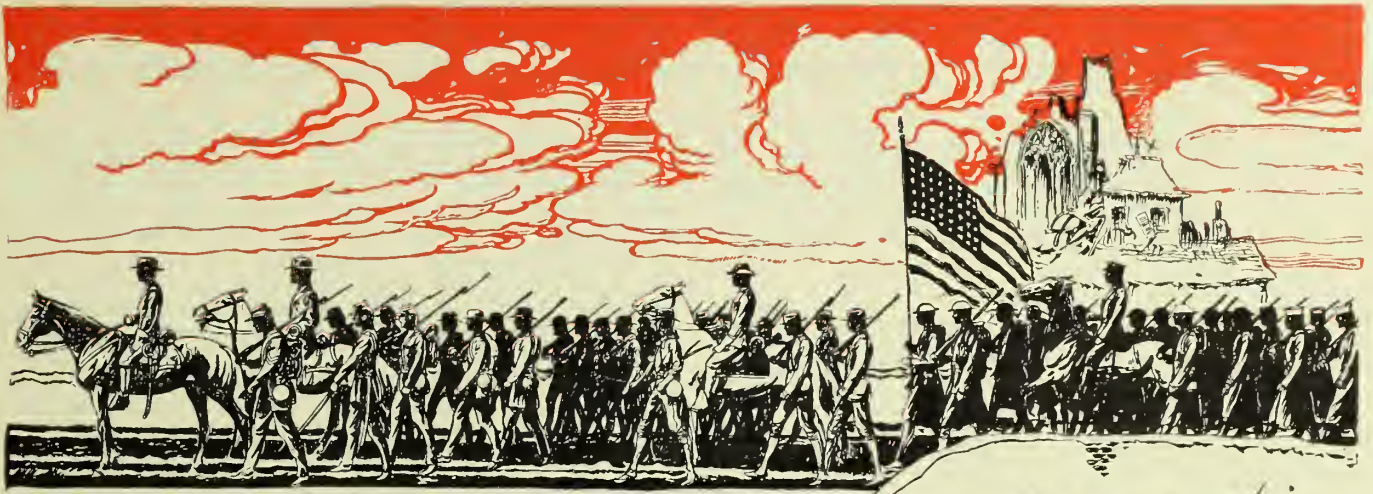
April again, and Legionnaire John Philip Sousa and his daughter, Priscilla, will soon recommission the Sousa private navy, on Long Island, New York

Milk and Books

WONDERING why he had never read anything in the Keeping Step sector of the Monthly about some worthwhile things his own post had done, Legionnaire W. D. Owens of Henry H. Graves Post of Jackson, Mississippi, surmised correctly that nobody had ever told the Monthly about them. So Mr. Owens dictated a letter to the Step Keeper. No long-range citation composer could improve on Mr. Owens' straightforward report. He said:

"Two years ago Howard H. Graves Post started a milk fund to care for undernourished and under-privileged children of the public schools in Jackson. For two years we have provided pure, wholesome milk for 132 children. The children are weighed once a month by physicians and a report is made to the post. Weakly children grow robust.

"Recently our post made a survey of the needs of the schools and found three of them without libraries. The post voted unanimously to establish libraries in these schools, using funds from the post treasury."



STEP

One more thing Mr. Owens mentioned: the City Commission of Jackson has presented to Henry H. Graves Post a permanent home valued at \$70,000. Mr. Owens would have had a perfect score as Step Keeper for his own post if he had sent along a photograph of the new post clubhouse, but he is probably waiting until his outfit has given its home a fresh coat of paint.

By Their Deeds

EVERY day, everywhere! You can pick up almost any copy of any newspaper and find a story of a Legion post at work. The entire Middle West read its newspapers early in February while its country roads were being watched and its cities searched for two convicts who had disappeared en route from a jail in Lafayette, Indiana, to a reformatory at Pendleton, Indiana. Also had disappeared the two deputy sheriffs who were transporting the convicts in an automobile. The conviction grew that the convicts had murdered the officers and hidden their bodies. The American Legion posts along the entire route from jail to reformatory spent days searching for the scene of the crime before the bodies were found.

In Marion, Ohio, citizens had talked for years of the menace of grade crossings in the city's center which regularly exacted a toll of dead and injured. Bird-McGinnis Post of Marion at a meeting recently prepared a plan for elimination of the grade crossings, called upon all other civic organizations to join in the campaign and appointed a committee to confer with public officials and the railroads.

Real Palace

MOST of the Legionnaires of Rome Post are men who have lived in the United States for long periods and many of them are disabled men with families who found it impossible to return to the United States within the time limit of May 26, 1927, set under the original Tilson Act. That act, sponsored by the Legion, enabled American World War veterans living abroad to return to the United States before the time limit without regard to quota restrictions of the immigration law. The Paris convention voted to ask Congress to extend the Tilson Act to permit American veterans now living in Italy to return to this country with their families. Unless the law is extended many disabled men in Rome and other parts of Italy will find this year a hard one. They

will have difficulty supporting their families on Veterans Bureau compensation allowances. Almost five thousand Italians who served in the American Army in France returned to the United States before the date set by law as the time limit.

For Rome Post itself it looks like a good year. The post recently was given a home in a famous Roman palace as the result of Premier Mussolini's interest in its work for the disabled men among its members and its other activities. The new clubrooms are in Viminale Palace, which houses the Italian Ministry of the Interior. The Government furnished the clubrooms and is providing heat and light without charge. Premier Mussolini has given the franking privilege to all Legionnaires in Italy. They are permitted to send and receive letters without paying postage when corresponding with former soldiers of the United States Army.

Born of the Flood

WHEN the Mississippi was rampaging through the lowlands of Louisiana last year, the Legionnaires of L. B. Faulk Post of Monroe, Louisiana, fought battles against death and disease and famine. In rowboats and automobiles they went far and wide, rescuing marooned households, feeding refugees and doing the sanitary tasks that warded off pestilence.

Now comes a sequel to the story of L. B. Faulk Post's flood relief work. After the waters had gone down the citizens of Monroe provided for the post an emergency relief truck, an automobile with special equipment for meeting future emergencies.

Dr. H. E. Carney, who organized the Emergency Relief Corps of the post, conceived the idea of the emergency relief truck. Such a truck could have been used in countless ways during the fight against the flood. Dr. Carney enlisted the help of Fire Chief Frank Roddy and other firemen and the truck was built in the fire department's shops. Merchants contributed the special equipment—a power plant for generating electricity, big spotlights and floodlights, boxes of tools and grappling hooks for bringing bodies from water, a stretcher and stores of medical supplies.

The truck, bearing a lettered sign identifying it as the emergency relief truck of L. B. Faulk Post, is kept at fire department



The Mason City (Iowa) cure for spring fever—the community golf course operated by Clausen-Worden Post. Legionnaire Volney Wilfong following through

headquarters. In addition to responding to the special calls, such as reported drownings, it regularly goes out on second and third alarm fires. If no member of the Legion crew is available on these hurry-up calls, a fireman drives the truck while the Legionnaires of the crew are being notified by telephone.

Building Time

AMERICAN Legion posts are helping in the architectural glorification of the United States. Those which have not yet built new clubhouses are saving money and planning to build them. All through the country as the frost leaves the ground new Legion homes are rising and post committees are consulting architects to make post dreams come true. Meeting places in upper stories of old business blocks, in the auditoriums of public buildings and in other temporary quarters are gradually being given up as posts grow in influence and affluence, and the new post clubhouses are being recognized in hundreds of towns and cities as monuments to the Legion's public spirit and the Legion's standing in the community. Many posts which in earlier years bought old buildings have found it possible to erect new clubhouses with the profits from their real estate ventures. Other posts have built clubhouses after receiving large gifts of money from individual citizens. Still other posts have received as gifts family mansions.

The Legion's home-acquiring activities, of course, are a part of the very greatest building era the United States has ever known. One needs only to look about in the expanding suburban sections of any city to understand what is taking place architecturally. The day of the makeshift home without beauty is passing. Even modest cottages now conform to standards of sightliness as definitely as do libraries of granite and marble built on the lines of Greek temples.

In addition to putting up homes for themselves, Legion posts are often sponsors of community memorial buildings. In all the construction enterprises, Legionnaire builders are observing the principle that any structure, whether it be a clubhouse costing \$10,000 or a community memorial building costing a million dollars, should be as carefully planned and built as a monument executed by a sculptor. Good architects mean good clubhouses.

Ile de la Cite, Iowa

THE Red Cedar River flows through the center of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, dividing the city as the Seine divides Paris, and in Cedar Rapids as in Paris a series of bridges connects right bank and left bank. There are fourteen bridges along the curving course of the river. And the Red Cedar River, like the Seine, encircles a sizeable island in the heart of a city. The cathedral of Notre Dame stands on an island in the Seine. On the island of the Red Cedar River is now rising a million-dollar community World War memorial—a reminder of the public spirit of Hanford Post of The American Legion.

"When the service men came back in 1919 the city raised \$75,000 as a testimonial of public gratitude," reports Maurice Cahill, Past Commander of Hanford Post and former National Executive Committeeman from Iowa. "The fund was turned over to Hanford Post for the purchase of a lot and the erection of a clubhouse. Then the dreamers got busy. It would be very nice to have an exclusive Legion home, but what Cedar Rapids needed most was a community center and a new city hall, a

building with an auditorium large enough to hold five thousand persons or more. There were 1,500 members of Hanford Post and they were willing to place their city's welfare above post needs. The post took a leading part in an election held in 1925 at which the voters authorized the erection of the million-dollar World War memorial building and city hall. The island was chosen as the site. The Legion worked mightily to make this civic dream come true, and it has joined its efforts with those of all other civic and patriotic associations. Legionnaire Charles Burton Robbins, recently appointed Assistant Secretary of War, is chairman of the commission which has charge of the erection of the building. Two of the architects are Legionnaires—W. J. Brown of Cedar Rapids and Henry Hornbostel of Pittsburgh. Hanford Post, and Pont-a-Mousson Post, composed of colored service men, will find a home in the new building, and so will other veterans' societies, including those of the Civil War and Spanish-American War. Architecturally, the building will rank as one of the most striking buildings in the world. All Iowa will share our pride in it next September when it is dedicated during the 1928 convention of the Iowa Department of The American Legion."



On an island in the heart of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, city of bridges, an American Paris, rises this Legion-sponsored million-dollar World War memorial building

Colonial Dream

STRANGERS motoring into Mount Kisco, New York, over one of the principal highways of Westchester County, one of New York City's principal suburban areas, stop their cars when they round a curve and find themselves looking upon the clubhouse of Moses Taylor, Jr., Post of The American Legion. With its tall white columns, set against the hills, it seems an enchantment of the spirit of the marvelous builders of Colonial days.

The story of the Mount Kisco post's clubhouse is one that is typical of the initiative and enterprise shown by Legion builders. Post Commander James A. Kelly tells it:

"In 1922 we raised money for a clubhouse site with the understanding that money for the building itself would be provided under an offer that had been made to

us. We purchased at auction from the Watershed Department of the City of New York a large tract, paying \$13,000 for it. Then we found that our original building plans had blown up.

"In 1925 we held a public auction of our land and made \$38,000 from the sale of business lots, retaining, however, the site for our building. Then we had plans prepared by Architect John R. Larkin of New York City, member of our post, and we advertised for bids. The bids ran over \$60,000, but we let the contracts. The building was dedicated in November, 1926, and cost us \$80,000, including furnishings and equipment. With an auditorium seating 500 persons and many special attractions, the building is the center of community life. Mount Kisco is a town of only 5,000 persons and our peak membership was 185, so we are naturally proud of what we have done. While the building was being put up, we received \$16,000 in contributions from residents of the town. The only incumbrance on the property now is a mortgage of \$15,000 which we are reducing."

Everything But Moss

CENTURIES old looks the clubhouse of Coral Gables (Florida) Post, built in the style of the old Spanish missions, but it has only stood for four years upon a corner where two of Coral Gables' principal streets meet. Today it is not only the hearth of Coral Gables Post but also a center of social life in its city. "Originally the building was a restaurant and dancing club,"

K E E P I N G S T E P

writes Post Adjutant R. H. Collins. "The Patio, as we call it, is a mighty fine home for us. We hold our meetings in the large open-air court, ordinarily. We have given a series of dances in the clubhouse and the post and its Auxiliary unit hold open house on Saturday nights. At these affairs refreshments are served and prizes are awarded. We also rent our dance floor and restaurant facilities to many other organizations. Our reading room is an especially popular feature of the clubhouse. Our members use it always, of course, and we entertain many visitors from all parts of the United States."

The Call That Came

WHAT would your post and your Auxiliary unit do if it found itself confronted with a major community disaster? Disaster, like death, ordinarily has academic interest for those outside the immediate circle it affects. Observatory Post of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and its Auxiliary unit may have believed they were remote from disaster. But on a winter day a huge gas tank exploded in Pittsburgh, killing a score of persons.

"We had often wondered what our Auxiliary unit would do in case of an emergency," writes Miss Bess I. Franz, Secretary of Observatory Post's Auxiliary Unit. "What we did may interest other posts and units which have never had a test."

"While the dead were still being counted, while homes for many blocks around the exploded tank were in ruins, with many families homeless, our unit forwarded \$250 to the American Red Cross for relief work and mobilized to help in any way we could. A committee of our members spent the entire evening telephoning members and friends to obtain quick delivery of clothing and bedding for the refugees. Another committee of our post and unit then opened a salvage station in post headquarters and a distribution center in a fire station. We gave out clothing and bedding to all who applied. Announcements broadcast by radio brought to our relief stations tremendous quantities of supplies, including food, and many contributions of money. The American Legion official arm band was recognized by police

and firemen throughout the devastated zone and our workers spent many days giving personal help to sufferers who lingered pathetically on the sites of their former homes."

They Kept It Everybody's Lake

SHORTLY before 1917 an elaborate Chautauqua assembly ground was put in use at Spiritwood Lake, a beautiful little body of water near Jamestown, North Dakota. But the war came and the enterprise became a white elephant on the hands of its promoters. Eventually a mortgage was foreclosed on the property. It seemed likely that its 127 acres of land, occupying the most desirable portion of the lake shore and improved with about \$23,000 worth of buildings, including an auditorium capable of seating 1,500 people, a two-story pavilion housing a dance hall, a restaurant, bathing facilities and docks, seven summer cottages and other structures, would fall into private hands and be exploited to the exclusion of the general public, which hitherto had enjoyed the privileges of a resort altogether unique in that prairie country. Something had to be done if this disaster was to be averted. So last year Ernest DeNault Robertson Post of Jamestown did it.

The Jamestown post has some 300 members in its town of 7,000 people. Headed by Post Commander John F. Nolet and Arthur Johnson, chairman of a special committee, the post proposed to the Board of Commissioners of Stutsman County that the county take over the Chautauqua property, by paying

off a mortgage of \$8,600, and turn it over to the Jamestown post to be administered as a recreation park for the public.

The commissioners indorsed the proposed arrangement in principle. But they felt that before they spent such a sum of public money, the post ought to demonstrate its ability to operate the place satisfactorily. The Legionnaires accepted the test. The post obtained a year's option from the holders of the park. It sub-let the lake front pavilion to an experienced manager. A post committee took in charge the rest of the property.

The results of last summer's operation proved
(Continued on page 75)



These Legion clubhouses recall the glories of two early types of American architecture. Above, the Colonial clubhouse of Mount Kisco (New York) Post. Below, the clubhouse of Coral Gables (Florida) Post, in the style of the early Spanish missions



HOBNAILS *not* WINGS

By Dan Sowers

AN OLD colored preacher, down in Kentucky, used to open his sermons by reading a scripture text. Then, peering over the rims of his spectacles, he would say, "Now, my beloved, I'm not gwine to give you any definition of the words of my text, but I'm gwine to give you a whole passel of f'rinstances and let you draw your own conclusions; and if them conclusions ain't right, may the Lord have mercy on your erring souls."

In this article, no effort will be made to say what is the "Americanism of The American Legion," within the compass of a definition, but rather to relate some instances typical of the constructive work performed by Legion posts toward making our country a better place in which to live and, by example, teach adherence to the slowly developed and soundly tested principles of this republic which have made our Government as nearly fool proof as possible.

Once a year at the annual National Convention we have a resolution-fest of Americanism. Ideas on citizenship development and other patriotic matters are brought to the National Convention. They come from Department Conventions as resolutions of policy for consideration by the national body. They cover a wide range of subjects, including patriotic instruction, flag etiquette, immigration, anti-radicalism effort, national defense, boys' and girls' work, adult education, Americanization, community service and so on. Those resolutions adopted by the convention become mandates of policy, and the matter of their interpretation and the formulation of ways and means for their application is a work delegated to the National Americanism Commission. This commission also acts as a clearing house for ideas on practical, constructive service to America and its communities by Legionnaires. In some quarters there has been the thought that the Americanism Commission was a sort of a Y. M. C. A. wing of the Legion, or a "trade last" outfit existing for the sole purpose of swapping compliments with other patriotic groups.

I often meet people who seem to think the Legion's Americanism program is too ethereal, that it is a head-in-the-clouds abstraction remote from the everyday levels in which average citizens move and work. These people, usually intensely practical individuals who are very busy with their own affairs, have much the same opinion of Americanism as the dirt farmer has—or once had—of the theories of agriculture taught in the universities. What I'd like to get across is the fact that this Americanism program of the Legion's isn't a head-in-the-clouds thing, but is really made up of practical, everyday works and accomplishments of Legion posts everywhere. Americanism is just as much an everyday concern as plowing or building houses. It has its roots in our daily lives and not in occasional debating and resolving tournaments. It belongs on the ground—not in the air. It walks with the hobnails of common sense—it doesn't wear wings.

The picturization of the actual Americanism work fostered by the Legion's commission will show the efforts of almost a million men and women who are anxiously and earnestly striv-



Dan Sowers, Director of the National Americanism Commission, here shown at his desk in Indianapolis, is a familiar figure in many States in which he has spoken in the last year

ing to keep alive the idealism, patriotism and sentiment of the founders, of the builders, and of the conservators of this nation.

In a certain locality where many foreigners had settled and new ones were arriving from time to time, there had grown up a segregated district known as "the foreign colony." These immigrants were totally ignored socially and politically by the native populace. Their only visitors from the outside were people with race-conscious doctrines and isms. They came to sow their propaganda. They worked in a rather subtle way. First, they showed an interest in these people by offering to help them with the problems that confront folks in a strange and new land. Naturally, these immigrants looked upon these visitors as their friends. So when the radicalism doctrinal advocate got ready to plant his propaganda in the minds of these people, he had fertile soil. Ready response was natural, for the approach was made to a heart already filled with friendship.

On the other hand, no conservative American citizen had ever interested himself in the affairs of these people. Their only contact with the Government had been with police officers who had come in to search their houses for illicitly-made wines, or to eject them from their homes during labor disputes. They looked upon these officers as the "law" and the

"law" was the Government; and they were encouraged to think that the Government functioned only when it had some excuse to punish or oppress them. No one had ever told them what the law was or explained to them the principles of our Government, and how it was an agency of protection for the individual as well as for society as a whole.

The war came along and this foreign colony furnished its quota of men to fight for the Government. Some of them did not understand just why they should fight for this thing they had been led to believe was always against them. However, they accepted it as a thing to do, and did it. Many of them, for the first time, learned something of the democracy of Americans when they went into the army.

The war over, soldiers returned to their accustomed places in the life of that community. A Legion post was organized. The war had taught many of these soldiers that Tony, Mike, Pishta and Gus were darned good fellows, and they got them to come into the Legion. The post was fortunate in having a far-sighted commander. This commander had served with the boys from the foreign colony and he felt something should be done toward teaching the people in the colony about their adopted country that would give them a fairer opportunity to be absorbed in American life and our patriotic idealism. Being a fellow of action, the commander assembled a committee and started to work.

The first thing this committee did was to take a census of the foreign settlement. This wasn't done in an official "note-book-and-pencil-in-hand" sort of way; that would have aroused suspicion. No, these fellows in round-table conference schooled themselves along lines of sympathetic (*Continued on page 61*)

Then and Now

*Hard-Boiled Smith's Haunt—Gob Thespians?—
Certainement!—A Frigid Debate—Who Was the Unknown
Organ Pumper?—Another Unofficially Alive Vet—Outfit Notices*

BETTER late than never is a hackneyed expression but it fits the occasion. Slowly—and, we hope, surely—the men and women who comprised the Second A. E. F. last fall are coming forward with reports of the present-day conditions of the old camps and towns in which the first A. E. F. had its being back in the days of the war. The battleground of Is-sur-Tille was described last month. Now we hear of a landmark, famous or infamous according to the memories of the individual, right in the Legion's 1927 convention city, Paris. The picture on this page shows the present-day entrance to this inhospitable hostelry and we'll let Legionnaire O. L. Dally of Akron, Ohio, tell about it:

"Say, fellows, it's all right to visit Paris now without a pass. The M. P.'s are as absent there as icebergs in the Cuyahoga River in July. But just to make sure of that it seemed advisable to slip around to the Hotel Ste. Anne and take a snapshot—and here it is. Look it over.

"Many a poor fellow who had a three-day pass to go back to a little town to look for some equipment he thought might be found and who took advantage of what seemed to be an excellent opportunity to go A. W. O. L., came to grief when he found himself ushered through the portals of 10 rue Sainte Anne, Paris, by the strong arms of what we might now justly term the fascist element of the first A. E. F. In fact nearly every soldier who found his way to Paris eventually found himself in the vicinity of this compulsory point of concentration.

"But now it is just a plain hotel. A porter meets you at the door and a clerk books you at the desk and takes your money if you have some particular desire to spend another and perhaps more pleasant night there just for old time's sake. The clerk, on inquiry, informs you that all traces of the former use and occupation by the transient and erring part of the American Army have been removed.

"And across the street, the little café, La Bonne Auberge, from which the occupants of the improvised military prison were often taken and to which they usually returned immediately after their release, has also changed. It has a different proprietor, the partitions have been removed and instead of separate rooms for the bar, for the dining room and for the dance and piano, it is now all one room fitted up as a nice little restaurant. The bar is just about in the same place, but the old zinc bar over which the boys slid their empty glasses to be refilled has been replaced by one of highly polished oak.

"Madame Jeanne, the lively little French woman who always scurried around and fretted and scolded in a friendly way, is no longer there. The present proprietor was unable to tell where she had gone. There is little around the place that you would remember except the sign of La Bonne Auberge outside.

"Every year some of the boys come back, according to the

proprietor. They look around and ask about Madame Jeanne and the piano. But even the latter is missing. And when they leave, the present owner added, they always seem disappointed.

"And I guess they are, too."

NOW that former gobs have awakened, after much persuasion, to the fact that they can strut their stuff in these columns as well as ex-doughboys, leathernecks, nurses or yeomanettes, we hope that they will continue to rise and shine. Lately several of those who wore the blue during the war have come across with interesting stories. Now we have heard from one who breaks the news to the Gang that service shows—we'll have to discontinue the phrase "soldier shows"—were not only the products of the Army and Marine Corps. That one is Thomas J. Hare of Philadelphia, and this is what he has to tell us:

"Reading about show troupes in Then and Now recalls to my mind a play which we ran in camp on Christmas Day, 1917. I was in the Navy and was stationed at the Lafayette Radio Station just outside of Bordeaux at the village of Croix d'Hins.

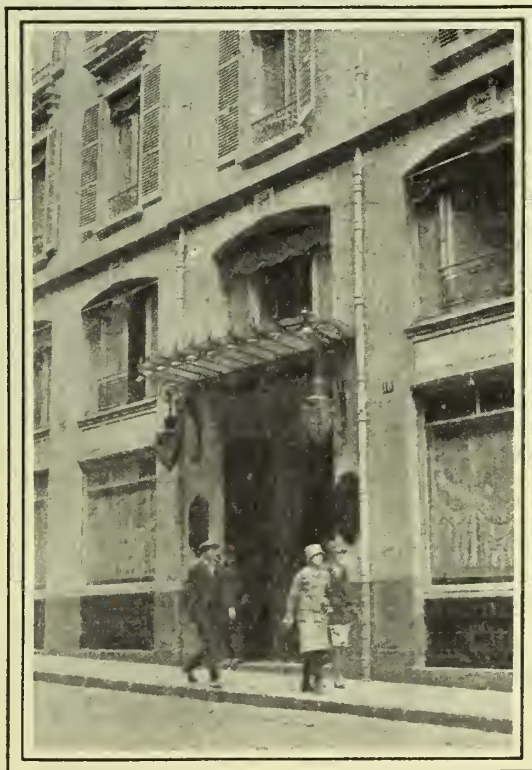
"This little play we produced was entitled 'The Red Lamp.' There were two female characters in the plot; one of whom represented a young girl, the heroine, and the other an elderly old maid aunt. The latter part was portrayed by the writer.

"The chaplain took the cast into Bordeaux to obtain costumes and well do I remember mine. It was a long clinging purple velvet dress with slippers to match. I suggested to the chaplain at the time that he also obtain stockings for me which would match the outfit but he thought that as the dress was long, I could get away with a pair of ordinary Navy black socks.

"During the course of the play, the heroine eloped and when the news was brought to me I was supposed to collapse on a settee and shed bitter tears.

"I collapsed all right but in so doing forgot about the way I was garbed underneath and crossed my legs. A gob in the front row shouted, 'She's wearing socks!' and the remark very nearly caused the disruption of the entire performance.

"I am sure this will recall some very pleasant memories to Navy men who served on the station. Our outfit's official title was U. S. High Power Radio Construction Detachment."



"All ye who enter here...." might well have been inscribed over the portal shown above. A Second A. E. F.-er, O. L. Dally of Akron, Ohio, took this snap of Hotel Ste. Anne, Paris—unbattered memory of the first A. E. F.

simply can't get by with our audience. Which is just what we want. But when a member of the Gang makes a statement in these columns, we're always ready and glad to give him a chance to answer any comments or criticisms offered by other members of the Gang. So we will stand on the sidelines, while Legionnaires Allard and Van Overmeer have their little debate—the rest of the Gang to be the referees.

Says Commander A. M. Allard of Joseph St. Germain Post of

Baltic, Connecticut: "Just a few lines to tell the cock-eyed world that someone made a mistake in that picture in Then and Now on page 45 of the January Monthly.

"I wintered in St. Nazaire the winter of 1918-19 till the last of April, 1919, and it was never cold enough to wear a p'coat. I don't think there was a week in all that winter when it was cold enough to freeze."

And, retorts J. P. Van Overmeer of Greenwich Village Post, New York City, who sent us the picture under discussion and the information which appeared with it:

"The picture of the icicles in St. Nazaire is authentic beyond shadow of a doubt. The ice-encrusted water tank was the property of the Chemin-de-fer du Nord and its location alongside the ship basin of St. Nazaire is quite definite in my mind. The colored soldier in the foreground, whom I remember quite well but whose name escapes me at this time, was a company clerk billeted with one of the service companies at Camp No. 4, St. Nazaire.

"This particular soldier never served at any other station than St. Nazaire during his time in France. It is my recollection that he presented the picture to me. I also personally saw this leaky water tank at the time it carried this same coat of ice—probably the same day or within a day or so before or after the photograph was taken.

"Winters in St. Nazaire and adjacent Brittany were not severely cold but I'll guarantee that friend Comrade P. M. Allard is all wet when he says he doesn't think there was a week in all the winter of 1918-19 in St. Nazaire when it was cold enough to freeze. He must have stuck pretty close to the steam coils below decks quite a few times during that winter if he failed to observe the temperature at 32 degrees, Fahrenheit, or lower, and particularly on the morning of February 10, 1919, when this photograph was taken. No balmy Mediterranean breezes there.

"I'm here to tell the same well-known cock-eyed world that the old Sibley stove was a mighty comfortable thing to hang around on many a cold morning or night. But then, these gobs always did run around in cold weather without coats. I suppose if regulations had permitted, they wouldn't even have worn blouses if it hadn't been that they needed that left breast pocket for a pack of cigarettes. It seems that anything short of a blizzard was balmy weather with them. They all seemed to be guys like that. How did they get those ways?"

We'll turn over the microphone to any other weather-hounds who want to enter the debate about conditions in St. Nazaire during the winter of 1918-19. Sic 'em!

FAME hovers just around the corner for some at-present-unknown veteran of the A. E. F.—fame in the form of an honorable membership in the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. Hold back the razberries until we explain that there is such an organization in active existence, that it numbers among its members many prominent personages and has local chapters or "lofts" in all parts of this country and one, even, in Paris.

And now for the uninitiated we hasten to explain that Legionnaire Chet Shafer, erstwhile Detroitier and now of New York City, formed this guild to bring credit and glory to one class of heroes whose duties were performed hidden from the public gaze and applause. Before the wonders of electricity furnished motive power to supply the all-necessary air which sends forth the music from the de luxe organs now installed in houses of worship and temples of the cinema, that power had to be supplied by the off-stage efforts of youths.

This brings us to our unknown hero of the A. E. F. Among the thousands of photographs taken by the Photographic Sec-

tion, U. S. Signal Corps, during the war, General Pershing himself has designated as the "most striking" the picture reproduced on this page. The catalog gives the following terse explanation: "Interior of Church of Vaux.—Troops of 317th and 319th Ambulance Company, 305th Sanitary Train, at Ardennes, France, Nov. 5, 1918."

Although the Armistice was still six days away, these troopers are singing. One of their number is seated at the church organ, playing the accompaniment. But to bring forth musical tones from the pipes someone hidden from the eye of the camera had to pump the bellows which gave life to the instrument. This is the man the Guild wants to find and to honor. The Company Clerk will accept duly authenticated nominations.

ANOTHER member has been added to our "Unofficially Alive Veterans Club," which is composed of service men who are still very much present to disprove the Government's official notice to their relatives that they had lost their lives in service. We will let Joseph L. Milgram of Bill

Brown Post, Brooklyn, New York, and a resident of Sheepshead Bay, New York, make the introduction:

"In the January Monthly you ask if there are any other unofficially alive veterans among us, and I nominate my brother, Nat. L. Milgram, to the club.

"It was only a few weeks after war had been declared in April, 1917, and he had just come up from the Border where he had done a turn with a Philadelphia National Guard outfit. He and the squad of which he was corporal had been assigned to guarding a tunnel near Cumberland, Maryland.

"One day a reporter from the Philadelphia Bulletin stopped at our home and asked for Nat's picture, but seeing my mother

standing near me, he called me around the corner and showed me an A. P. dispatch stating that my brother had been killed by a freight train near his camp. My mother, to whom I broke the news at once, refused to believe he was dead.

"I worked all that day and evening trying to get in touch with the guard at Cumberland without success and finally gave it up. Mother, however, insisted that we continue our efforts and late that night the Pennsylvania Railroad got in touch with their Altoona office from which it was learned that he was still alive. A friend and I immediately took a train for Cumberland and got there the next morning, where we found him with both legs amputated below the knees, but conscious and in good spirits.

"In the meantime all the Philadelphia papers reported his death as the first casualty from Philadelphia and there was a steady stream of friends offering condolences at our home. I stayed with him three weeks, by which time he was up in a wheel chair and paying visits all over the hospital.

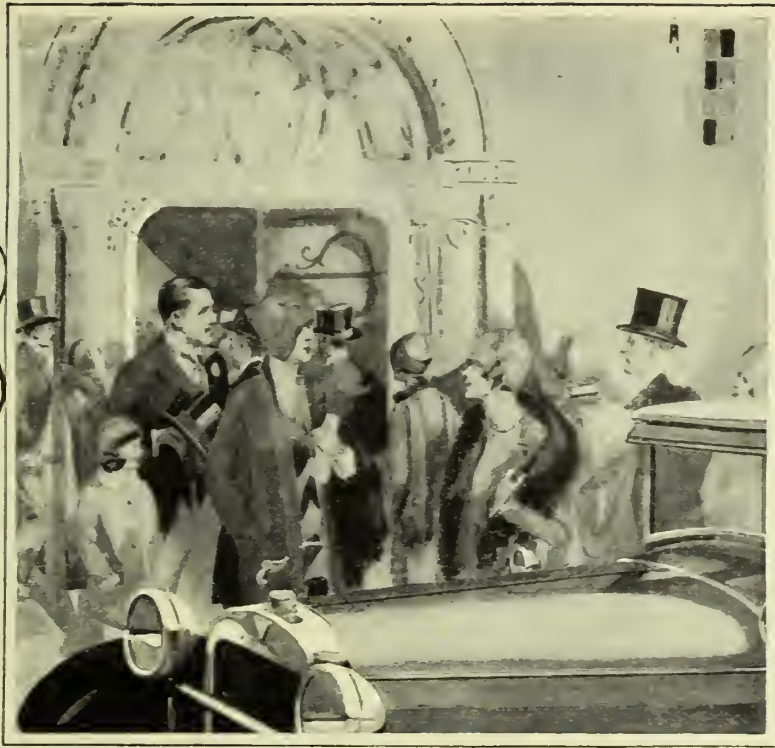
"Later he was fitted with artificial legs and today gets around remarkably well. Nat is now a member of Tioga Post of the Legion in Philadelphia. There were four of us brothers in service but none of us got marked but him."

THIS tenth anniversary year of the big year of the war seems destined to be a boom year for reunions of the old outfits. Added to this boom, there has been a real revival of interest in veterans' organizations and several divisional associations have re-introduced wartime publications, including the Fourth Division's *Ivy Leaves*, the Third Division's *Watch on the Rhine*, and the Fifth Division's *The Red Diamond*.

Big things are being planned for the Rainbow Division Veterans' national convention which is scheduled to be held in Columbus, Ohio, on July 13th, 14th and 15th—the tenth anniversary of the Champagne Defensive—(Continued on page 73)



This scene of men of the 317th and 319th Ambulance Companies singing in the ruined church in Vaux, France, has been called by General Pershing the most striking picture of the war. The Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers wants to locate the unseen and unsung hero who pumped the organ



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H U D S O N - E S S E X

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RADIOLY SPEAKING

"What's the matter with you fellows?" demanded the division commander. "Didn't you get those orders I radioed to you?"

"Very sorry, sir, but we did not," retorted the regimental artillery commander. "It must have been while B Battery was being charged."

YOU CAN'T WIN

"I plead guilty to jay-walking, your honor," said the prisoner humbly.



"Well," the judge announced, "I'll let you go this once, but I have something to say to you. The next time you are tempted, young man, just stop and think of the fragile motor cars with their cargoes of women and children."

NO TIME TO QUARREL

A tough old egg was dying and his wife sent for a preacher. On his arrival the minister saw there was no hope, and said:

"You had better renounce the devil, my friend."

"Renounce the devil!" exclaimed the expiring sinner. "Listen, parson, I'm in no position to make any new enemies right now."

WHAM!

"I wonder whether Jack will love me when I'm old," wondered the wife to her very dearest girl friend.

"You'll know pretty soon now, dearie," assured the other.

SNAPPY TITLE

"I don't know whether this is a good story or not," said the new reporter, "but the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Universalists are asking funds for new church buildings."

"Fine!" exclaimed the city editor. "Write a column on it and we'll call it 'Sects Appeal'."

WHO SAID "EASY"?

A member of the State Hospital Commission was inspecting one of the institutions under his direction and paused before an exceptionally pathetic case.

"And who is this poor chap?" he asked. "Grade-crossing victim?"

"No," said the interne. "That's Harry Brown—works for the Jenks Furniture Company, collecting easy payments."

NO FAIR

Alice: "Why is Mayme so angry?"
Prue: "She had to walk back from a hiking trip."

DER TAG

"November 11, 1918!" ejaculated a plutocrat. "I guess the world will never forget that day!"

"I'll say they won't," agreed his friend gloomily. "It was just three days after that that the Government canceled our order for raincoats."

WORDS AND MUSIC

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" asked Her.

"I'll say you are!" replied Him, with enthusiasm.

"Yes," countered Her, "but am I?"

ORIGINAL SOMEWHERE

Timidly yet hopefully an aspiring author laid his contribution on an editor's desk. With a jaundiced eye the editor skimmed through the pages.

"Are you quite sure this is an original story?" he asked suspiciously.

"Yes, indeed!" responded the author. "All except the punctuation—I changed that in places."

THOU SHALT NOT SODA

First Pharmacist: "I've almost decided to quit this business of selling soft drinks."

Deuxieme Droguiste: "I'm with you there. It goes against my grain alcohol."

AFTER THE PARTY

On the morning after the big dance and barbecue of the African Sons and Daughters of the Grand Slam of Abyssinia, Mose was a little late for work, but his boss was a humane man.



"Mose," he said, "I passed you on the street last night. That was some job you had, trying to take home those two top-heavy friends."

"Was dey only two, boss?" asked Mose, in surprise. "Ah thought dey was four."

ON THE DOT

"I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style," announced Mrs. Van de Hoofus, as she entered the millinery shop.

"Kindly take a chair, madame, and wait a moment," said the clerk. "You are in the nick of time. The fashion is just changing."

TROUBLES OF DIOGENES

"I'm quitting," announced Diogenes. "The upkeep is too much nowadays."

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" inquired Mrs. D.

"Aw, these smart college boys keep swiping my lantern to use as a tail light when they're parking."

HO, HUM!

Blasé Youth: "Harold is rather unsophisticated, don't you think?"

Likewise Ennuied Stripling: "Oh, very! Why, he still yawns as if he took pleasure in being bored."

LUNCHEONETTE

"Bring me ten ham sandwiches," ordered the soda counter patron.

"Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Yes—two pieces of bread to put them between."

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

"Did you kill the turkey gobbler for dinner tomorrow?" asked friend wife.



"No," the tender-hearted husband answered. "I went out there, but I thought it would be better if the poor fellow got a good night's rest first, because he's got such a hard day before him."

THE EXPERT

"What makes you think you are qualified for a position in the diplomatic corps?" demanded the examiner.

"Well," answered the applicant modestly, "I've been married twenty years and my wife still thinks that I have a sick friend."

TOO SLOW

Celeste: "I don't believe I could care for the best man on earth."

Barbara: "Me, either. I should think he'd be positively disgusting."

JUST BETWEEN US BUGS

"Believe me, buddy," announced the first cootie, "I'm fed up with hearin' this bird talk about his bein' a survivor of the Princess Pats."

"Why, have you got anything better to tell?" asked Cootie No. 2.

"Have I? Say! Out of 17,000 of us that went into one delouser, I was the only one to come out alive!"

(The barrage lifts to page 80)

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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—WHERE . . . the ancient Alamo bears battered witness to the struggles of Davy Crockett's noble band of whom not one escaped the oppressor's wrath to tell the bloody tale of heroic death!

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"Old Town Canoes"

Masked Death

(Continued from page 19)

the cone-shaped blossoms of the turkey beards showing like puffs of vapor against the green. Overhead a sparrow hawk with slate-blue head and red-brown back hovered twenty feet above the ground, his spread tail and vibrating wings holding him almost motionless in the air.

Then, as he caught sight of the moving shrew, the bird dropped like a stone and in another second swooped up again with the tiny beastling clutched in his curved claws.

"Kill, kill, kill," called the little hawk as he shot through the air toward a deserted flicker's hole in a black gum which he and his mate had adopted as their nest. There two downy fledglings looked up at him sleepily as he laid the shrew before them. They had just fed full on a pair of meadow mice which their mother had brought and paid no attention to the tiny motionless creature.

Although cut and bruised by the hawk's talons, the little animal was not badly hurt and with almost imperceptible movements it burrowed out of sight beneath the layer of chips and saw-dust with which the nest was floored.

Slowly the day faded until at last the violet dark flowed like a flood across the barrens. Then, as the full moon climbed the sky, the voices of the hylas sounded in the bogs like chimes of tiny silver bells. Down in the depths of the nest, as she brooded the young hawks, the mother bird felt something stir be-

neath her fierce breast and opened her eyes just in time to see a tiny figure slip from among her feathers and disappear over the edge of the hole.

Once outside and the shrew lay motionless for a moment in the shadow of a branch before venturing down the tree to the ground. Suddenly there sounded just above him high-pitched notes sharp and fine as a needle. Back and forth they thrilled in a strange elfin melody something like the twittering of a bird but infinitely sweeter and higher. At the sound of that love-song of his kind all the pain and hunger and danger of his life were to this smallest of God's creatures as if they had never been. In all the world to him there was nothing but the witchery of the full moon and the voice of spring that thrilled like fire through his veins. Raising his head he gave a clear, sweet call. In a second it was answered, a slim figure flashed along the branch above him and once again sounded the fairy melody that few human ears can ever hear. At the call he flashed up the tree and along one branch after another following the tiny stranger who so suddenly had come into his life, until at last she led him to a hidden knot-hole beneath a bent bough, lined with soft grasses and down, the end of his far journeyings and fierce fightings. For to him, as to all creatures great and small, had come the call and he had found at last a refuge and a home and—a mate.

Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 29)

Military Police Arborsac indeed had little to fear. Did anyone present by any chance know the whereabouts of Sergeant Hammer at the moment?

Five eager informants volunteered information to the effect that at the moment Sergeant Hammer could no doubt be found in the house of the red-haired Algerian girl, enjoying strawberries and wine.

With that, stressing his limited vocabulary within an inch of its life, Spike managed to convey his sorrow at the necessity for his early departure. He climbed into the flivver and retraced his route until at the edge of Arborsac he stopped in front of the house wherein, with her mother, lived the red-haired Cleopatra.

After appropriate and heartfelt greetings had been exchanged, Spike inquired for the M. P. sergeant.

"Under the tree in the back garden the Sergeant Hammer is sitting, enjoying a glass of wine with his strawberries. Will you not join him?"

The answer was yes.

"Everything is all set for Sunday," Spike informed the congenial M. P. "The local stuff will keep everybody

busy until somewhere around four o'clock in the afternoon, and then the Alonzo Uplifter figures on pulling the trigger on his three-mile run. For the love of the double-jointed dog-robber don't miss your play when the cards drop for the big deal."

"I'll be Johnny-at-the-rathole with a short fuse lighted, old-timer," Sergeant Buck Hammer returned. "Give my regards to the Jugger when you see him and tell the packrat to hunt me up."

"I will . . . and listen, Buck, if we pull this drag under the wire on schedule, the Gang won't never forget how much they owe you."

"They don't owe me nothin'—I'm with 'em in the play from the starting gun till when the firin' squad shoots an echo. So long."

The pair shook hands, and in his flivver Spike Randall returned to camp where he reported at once to Isadog and Jugger.

"Everything's all set for the big play at Arborsac," he assured his fellow conspirators. "Is the Loot ridin' with us?"

"You bet your last clacker he is. The Loot's in this play up to his neck. That's one reason why nothin' can't go wrong.

If anything slips they might soak us ninety days at the outside, but they'd bust him."

"Not without lots of company—and you know what company I mean."

"Sure I do. Git to sleep, you black-hander—hit the hay. You'll need bokoo pep for the physical culture Alonzo aims to boon you with tomorrow."

THE physical culture roundup promoted by Alonzo Bluke was staged on a level field four miles south of the warehouse project. To this point rallied spectators and participants from the construction forces engaged on the work, and from a dozen nearby settlements.

Spontaneous crops of peddlers mingled with the throng, children got lost, the retail trade in romance reached a new level, and the high laughter of negro stevedores rang above their fellows' entreaties of encouragement directed toward somnolent sevens on galloping dominoes.

In and out of the scene, seemingly prominent at all four points of the compass, buzzed Alonzo Bluke. Cheering the winners, burbling heartfelt sympathy to the losers, Alonzo absorbed the spotlight, running the show until, fed up on frenzy, three-fourths of the spectators and nearly all of the participants had retired to engage in pleasanter occupations.

At four o'clock in the afternoon when the three-mile run was scheduled the gallery had dwindled to a few French people and a contingent of colored casualties who had lost their individual battles with Old Demon Rum.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Alonzo announced, "the final event will be the three-mile run, and this will conclude the day's festivities. In this event I will participate personally." To the Gang, grouped beside the telephone crew's two-ton truck on the seat of which sat Spike and Chuck, "All ready, fellows, for the cross-country run!"

Alonzo began to divest himself of his raiment. Off came his leather belt and his blouse and presently, continuing his disrobing process, Alonzo stood forth in a cotton union suit which at once afforded leg action and an appropriate screen of modesty between Alonzo's anatomy and a gaping world.

"Fall in and march past the artist!"

"Git your numbers painted on you."

"Git branded, slaves."

In single file, after hats and shirts, overalls and shoes had been stowed in the two-ton truck, the Gang marched past Old Pop Sibley, who, wielding a paint brush, branded the backs of their undershirts with winning numbers.

"Save that thirteen for Isadog."

"Give me a 7-11, Pop."

"Stick a 23 on me. I aim to go some."

Playing the game and radiating sweetness, Alonzo the Uplifter took his place in the line.

"Aw, don't paint Mister Bluke's shirt. Don't spoil his underwear."

"Yes indeed, fellows," Alonzo protested. "I am one of you—I insist."

In a loud voice up spoke Isadog. "Mister Bluke (Continued on page 48)

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Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 47)

ain't one of us common rabble. He's a participating guest. Give him something special."

"I kain't spell 'participating'." Old Pop Sibley paused with his dripping brush arrested in its dive toward Alonzo's back.

"P. G. stands for participating guest—paint P. G. on Mister Bluke, and let it go at that."

"That will do nicely." Alonzo smiled his approval and submitted to the branding process, writhing slightly under the sting of the turpentine in the thin paint. The Uplifter took his place in the line and waited for the gun.

"All ready, Loot—let 'er go!" Nervous impatience marked the speaker's words as the Loot limbered up a .45.

Bang! Paced by Alonzo Bluke, the field strung out in its three-mile gallop toward Arborsac. When the runners were half a mile away Spike, on the front seat of the two-ton truck, nodded to Chuck. "Let's go," he said. "Take it easy. We don't want to run 'em down."

For the favored spectators clustered around the arena, Alonzo put on a burst of speed as a farewell exhibition of his ability and then, leading the field, he disappeared over the brow of a low hill.

Keen-eyed observers noted that on the up-grade leading to the summit of the next hill Alonzo was leading all competitors by several hundred yards. Then around a curve in the road the Uplifter and his straggling followers passed onward in their flight toward the good, the true, the beautiful.

When half of the race had been run, still holding himself down to a gait which he figured was well within the powers of the Gang to emulate, Alonzo looked back along a hundred-yard stretch of the course in an effort to observe the status of his competitors, but none of the Gang were in sight. For a moment the Uplifter contemplated slackening his pace until the lagging runners could come up with him, but abruptly he changed his mind.

His attention was suddenly attracted by a wild burst of threatening language which came from an excited group of Senegalese negroes clad in the cloth of those savage French colonials.

From where they had been lounging in the shade of a roadside tree half a dozen excited blacks leaped toward Alonzo, and something in their manner conveyed to him the thought of danger. Some sinister menace marked the actions of the Senegalese!

Alonzo shifted to high.

A second later, when three of the group came toward him at a gallop, his foreboding was confirmed because, flashing in the swinging hand of the leading negro there gleamed the long blade of a knife.

Alonzo remembered current rumors conveying the characteristics of the fighters who threatened him. Enthusiastic

addicts of the bayonet! Notably adverse to hampering their activities with prisoners! Killers and fanatics in their bloodthirsty devotion to cold steel!

Alonzo craved solitude, but solitude seemed mighty scarce. Escape was cut off. The clutching hand of the leading Senegalese closed on a clammy fold of the Uplifter's costume.

A babble of guttural French lifted from the panting ring of perspiring assassins about Alonzo while, shuddering until his protruding kneecaps clattered in cadence with his chattering teeth, he culled his vocabulary in search of a prayer in Senegalese.

The knife in the hand of the violent African made a quick slash through the upper section of Alonzo's raiment. A second later, on the shredded section of the union suit worn by the Participating Guest Alonzo read the mute evidence which had inspired the frantic Senegalese to this enjoyable atrocity. "P. G."—not "Participating Guest" but, as the leader of the Senegalese growled in his rage, "Prisonnier de Guerre! Boche!"

"Mort au Boche!"

"Mort, mort"—the word had a familiar sound. . . . Sure enough, mort was the equal of sudden death . . .

Sunny France turned black for an instant in Alonzo's eyes. His brain reeled under the impact of the babble about him; and then toward one narrow avenue of escape, galvanized by fear, the Uplifter leaped in a kangaroo jump that gave him a twenty-foot lead on the murderous Senegalese.

Parting from his captors he left another ripping section of his costume in their leader's grasp, but what were details at a time like this? Onward he sped away from his brutal, bellowing pursuers until, nearing the sanctuary of Arborsac, he realized that he had been spared miraculously for further labors in the Vineyard.

Behind him, after a false start, the Senegalese sidetracked in a body and halted under a roadside tree where, removing their outer raiment, they stood revealed as members of the stevedore battalion from the warehouse project.

"Dat boy sho' done noble wid dem hind laigs of hisn," one of the panting participants in the little drama exulted, storing his Senegalese raiment into a canvas sack which had been brought along to serve as a wardrobe chest.

"Seems like us done middlin' noble, too, big boy," one of his companions returned. "Ol' Sahgunt Kinsey gwine to be mighty pleased wid de way his li'l Senegalese niggers won de battle wid dat white boy. Chances is he boons you with a Bo'deaux pass whenever you craves it f'm now on. Tie up dat sack—heah comes de truck."

A more immediate reward fell to the faithful stevedore detachment when, after reporting their progress and their success to Spike Randall, seated beside Chuck on the two-ton truck, a shower

of francs fell in their midst out of the hands of a dozen members of the Gang who were housed in the canvas cover above the bed of the vehicle.

Answering Isadog's inquiry, "Yas suh, dat white boy kep' runnin'," one of the Senegalese replied.

"Does he keep goin' like he started, he gwine to be in Memphis by midnight," another one added.

"Fair enough. The rest of the play is up to Cleopatra and Buck Hammer," another member of the Gang observed. "Let's get the hell out of here and get an alibi built up. Step on 'er, Chuck!"

Leaving the route of the three-mile run, riding the two-ton truck driven by Chuck, the runners in the race busied themselves with the business of dressing en route to Libourne and its pleasing pastures of recuperation where the fatigue of a false start could be eradicated from the human system by judicious internal applications of various beverages.

The Gang, withdrawn in a body from the cross-country race, abandoned pursuit of the galloping Alonzo, but following the athlete's escape from the savage Senegalese it seemed that Old Man Trouble sprained a wrist in dealing Alonzo another card from the stacked deck of fate.

Human habitations, civilization, sanctuary from peril—Arborsac meant this to the flying Alonzo. To dive into the first friendly house he came to, there to engage the sympathy of some French Samaritan—sweet was the contemplated nectar of safety!

Alonzo checked his course abruptly at the open door of the first house he came to. He dived into the door. "Bonjour!" he said weakly, directing his salutation into the silent house.

A wild scream answered him, and this first alarm was echoed by a succession of wilder screams which burst from the parted lips of a frantic young woman with red hair and robust lungs.

Alonzo glanced down at the remaining fragments of his costume.

"My dear Madam—" he began. His words seemed to have calmed the startled Cleopatra, but this was a false hope, for the red-haired one burst forth with a new emotion which found expression in convulsive sobs.

"Mon Dieu, mon cheery!" Alonzo continued, extending his hand toward the frantic girl in an effort to calm her, "Mon—"

"What the hell!" A deep bass voice interrupted the scene and against the light of the open doorway behind him Alonzo the Uplifter saw the silhouette of Sergeant Buck Hammer. "What's goin' on here!"

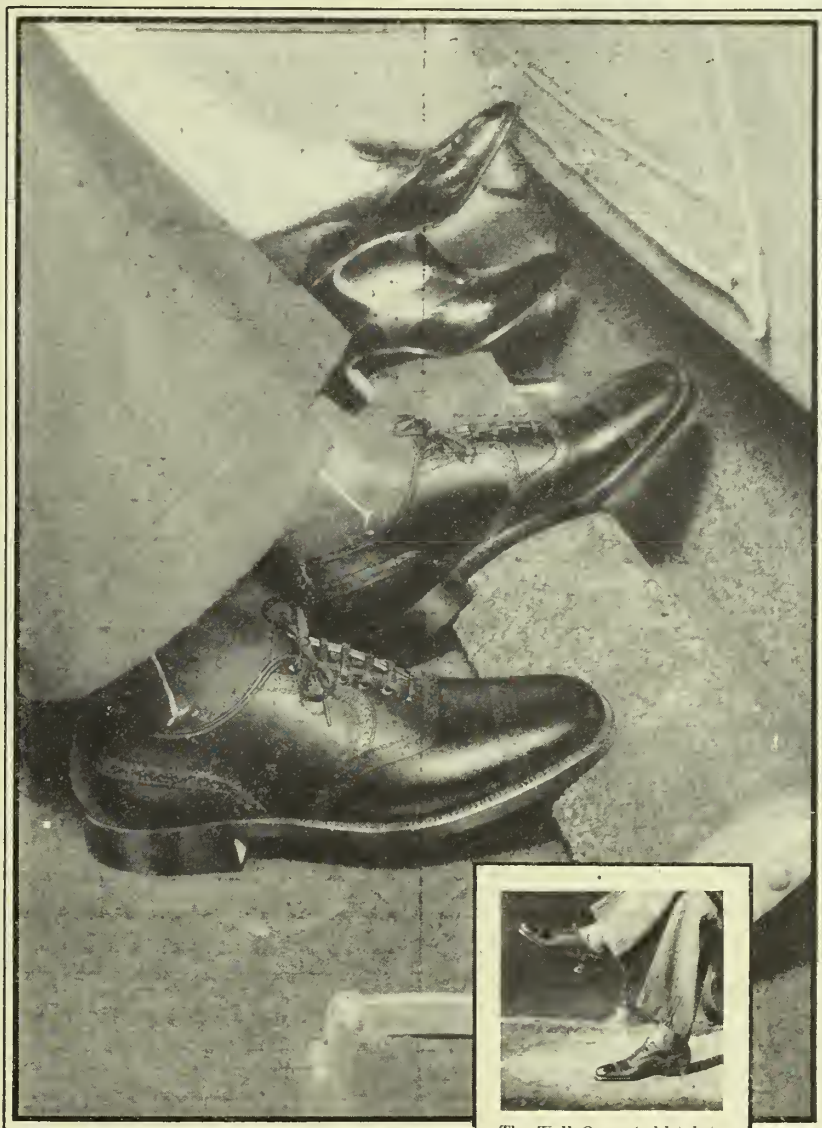
The calloused hand of Sergeant Hammer closed around the Uplifter's neck.

"Mon Dieu!" the captive gasped. "Do you parley English?"

"Come along, wild man—the judge will parley bokoo English for you. Shut up before I slap you! Runnin' around naked breakin' into ladies' houses—Shut up! Don't answer me back..."

Sergeant Buck Hammer marched his prisoner out of (Continued on page 50)

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Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 49)

the house and along the main street of Arborsac to the central square of the town. A group of chattering villagers had accumulated along the route. "It is true that the sergeant has captured a crazy man?"

"Of a certainty—regard, if you please, the abbreviated costume which none but a crazy man wears."

"That is possible; but alas, could not this shameless man have been surprised at some rendezvous with a lady, so to speak?"

Ah yes, such might be the case!

"Let us, then, fling a bombardment of mud at this animal."

By no means—the brave sergeant of the Military Police would arrange all details of the execution.

Sergeant Buck Hammer indeed had the situation well in hand. "Ravin' about this and that and the other thing," he reported to his relief at six o'clock. "I'm gonna take him to Bordeaux in the sidecar and lock him up before he gets any worse. He's good for twenty years in jail, as near as I can see—that

is if he misses the firin' squad."

Cut to the cold details of circumstantial evidence, the sergeant's report covering the last chapter of the Uplifter's activities inspired a brief command from heavyweight military authority. "More to be pitied than censured, no doubt—but request his dismissal through the proper authorities of his organization and ship him to the United States. 'Temperamentally unfit'—too damn many of 'em buzzing around here anyhow."

Some days later, along with the evening mail, a courier from Bordeaux relayed an item of information to the Gang. "One of them field clerks down at Headquarters told me your Uplifter athlete got the skids put under him."

Gazing sadly at the courier over the steel rim of his spectacles, Old Pop Sibley answered for the Gang. "Sonny," he said, "Alonzo is gone but not forgotten. He aimed noble to uplift us, but mebbe his last ca'tridge missed fire. Leave us groan our woe, Rabble, f'r his like will ne'er be seen again."

(To be continued)

Unknown Birthdays

(Continued from page 31)

popularity of their respective birthdays. In any event nothing was left to the Hindenburg imagination later in that same year.

For Hunter Liggett suddenly appears in another critical moment of the war. And he appears this time not at the head of a corps but in personal command of an army of 1,031,000 men. Three American corps and two French corps now make up the Liggett thunderbolt. And the Americans no longer are at bay. They are attacking. Berlin, not Paris, is the menaced capital.

In actual length—sixty-three kilometers—the front of Liggett's First Army when he pinned on his third star as a lieutenant general and took command October 16, 1918, was a little more than one-seventh of the active Western front. But against this dauntless attacking mass von Hindenburg hurled a fourth of the whole Teuton arms in the west in an effort to save himself. The American Army continued determinedly on until the white flag was hoisted and von Hindenburg led the broken remnant of his defeated armies back home, there to take his place as the popular idol of ten years later.

Other German war lords have met some measure of the popular acclaim accorded von Hindenburg. In fact the whole galaxy of Teuton super vons have fared exceedingly well in matter of national popularity. Von Ludendorff, known in war times as the brains of the German armies, stirs up a commotion regularly each year by having a birth-

day. Von Mackensen, the one whose familiar picture gives you a shiver at mere thought of meeting him at inspection with improperly be-dubbed field shoes, has consumed a lot of movie film recording his comings and goings since the war. Von Kluck is a name that looms large in German history despite the first Marne, where he exercised command of a group of armies. Then there is von Mudra, whose name is known in every German household notwithstanding his contribution to the great Teuton military disaster. Truly the Germans are a very forgiving or else a very appreciative people. Or both.

Take the equivalent names of great American leaders. Who has heard of their great achievements in the field, aside from the men who served under their immediate commands? It would be interesting to note the results of an American national quiz on the questions: With what great American undertaking is the name of Hunter Liggett identified? In the service of what nation did Lieutenant General Robert L. Bullard command an army in the World War? Is Major General Joseph T. Dickman living today? In what war did Major General Charles P. Summerall command a fighting corps comprising more than one hundred thousand Americans? Who is John L. Hines and in what profession has he performed distinguished services for his country?

In those questions are named America's outstanding battle leaders as accredited officially by the Commander-in-

Chief of the A. E. F. in his final report of the overseas achievement. Try the list on your neighbor who was not in the war. Then try the German equivalent leaders. Perhaps the hard-boiled censorship is partly to blame. Perhaps the natural apathy of too many Americans toward their national defense. Or perhaps it is merely another sidelight on the ingratitude for which republics are so widely celebrated.

General Bullard, the second man on the list of our practically unknown leaders, was grooming an army for a desperate venture when the Armistice fortunately intervened. His Second American Army had the job before it of reducing the Prussian stronghold of Metz. That great battle, had the war gone on into the winter of 1918-'19, would have brought home to America as never before the crimson horror of the conflict overseas. It would have stripped the camps of the United States of all organized and partially trained regiments. Losses, in American casualties alone, might have reached not far from the half-million point—more than twice the total casualties sustained by us up to the day the war ended.

But General Bullard's military record overseas is not confined to what might have been. He was in command at Cantigny. There are those who like to lift their military eyebrows in superior fashion at mention of Cantigny as an important battle. Nevertheless it was Cantigny that gave the Allies their first stimulating insight into American fighting qualities when our troops met the Prussian shock regiments, fought them shoulder to shoulder—and whipped them. As a result of Cantigny General Bullard was given the Third Army Corps immediately following the success of the First Corps on the Marne. He commanded this corps through the hard initial attacks in the Meuse-Argonne until relieved to get the Second Army ready for the Metz party.

Almost simultaneously with the von Hindenburg anniversary in October, two of the American war leaders also drew headlines in their own country. An eleven-line dispatch informed the nation of the death of Major General Joseph T. Dickman. Few newspapers elaborated upon the terse announcement that he had commanded the Third Army on the Rhine. Or that he had commanded the immortal Third Division in front of Château-Thierry where his troops, "the Rock of the Marne," as the French described them, stood the brunt of the heavy fighting and brought a thrill to the world by their matchless heroism. His conspicuous service as commander of the First Corps all through the Meuse-Argonne elicited no comment at the time of his passing.

Very shortly after that a flurry was caused nationally by the report of Major General Summerall's sudden recall by the President from an inspection tour of the Pacific Coast. The reason given for the recall was that General Summerall, as Chief of Staff of the Army, had publicly deplored the wretched housing conditions (Continued on page 52)

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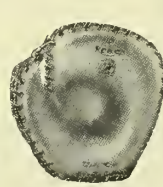
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Unknown Birthdays

(Continued from page 51)

of some of our regular troops. The tenor of dispatches was that General Summerall was being publicly humiliated for expressing himself too freely. Whatever the cause of the General's recall to Washington, it was amicably adjusted later, and the last chapter was a happy announcement some weeks later that General Summerall was the guest of President Coolidge on a week-end cruise of the *Mayflower*.

Those who were inclined to enjoy the general's discomfiture at the time will be especially interested in another incident of his military career which no one thought fit to bring to light at the time. The incident is recorded in the following prosaic document:

"Award of the Distinguished Service Cross to Major General Charles P. Summerall, United States Army, for extraordinary heroism in action on July 19, 1918, before Berzy-le-Sec, near Soissons. General Summerall, then commanding the First Division, with great gallantry and with utter disregard of his own safety, visited the extreme front lines of his division and personally made a reconnaissance of the position in the face of heavy hostile machine-gun and artillery fire, exhorting his men to renew the attack on Berzy-le-Sec, promising them powerful artillery support, and so encouraging them by his presence and example that they declared their readiness to take the town for him. Due to his great courage and utter disregard for his own safety, the men of his division were inspired to enormous and heroic efforts, capturing Berzy-le-Sec the next morning under terrific enemy fire, and later in the day the division reached all its objectives."

Added to the Summerall characteristic of fearlessness were all the attributes of great leadership that would have carried him to ungauged heights had the struggle continued. General Summerall had become one of the five tried leaders of American corps when the war ended. From command of the immortal First Division which he had led at Soissons, St. Mihiel and at Bois de Romagne, he went to the Fifth Corps, which he led ably through the Meuse-Argonne fight.

The fifth of the great American World War leaders is Major General John L. Hines. Great popularity has met post bellum songs and tales of generals who fought the war over the long-distance telephone from the protecting confines of deep, deep dugouts. There is a chapter in the life of General Hines's residence overseas which goes to show that personal risk to high commanders did not pass with the Civil War. It reads:

"Award of the Distinguished Service Cross to Major General John L. Hines, United States Army, for extraordinary heroism in action. At a critical time during the battle southwest of Soissons, when liaison had been broken between the 16th Infantry and the 26th Infantry

and repeated efforts to re-establish it had failed, General Hines, then in command of the First Infantry Brigade, personally went through terrific artillery fire to the front lines of the 16th Infantry, located the left flank, and walking in front of the lines, encouraged the troops by his example of fearlessness and disregard of danger. He then succeeded in finding the right forward elements of the 26th Infantry, and directed the linking up of the two regiments, thereby enabling the operations to be pushed forward successfully."

When the Meuse-Argonne jump-off was in prospect, General Hines was placed in command of the Fourth Division, which is officially credited with capturing the Bois de Forêt from the Germans. This added demonstration of his capacity as a leader gave him the Third Corps when General Bullard was promoted to army command; and General Hines led the Third Corps masses through the fighting that followed until the Germans were driven across the Meuse and thrown in full retreat. Following the war, General Hines rose to the post of Chief of Staff of the American Army and guided the service through the difficult period of readjustment of the national defense policies.

There are, of course, other American generals who achieved high distinction. For example, Lejeune who commanded the old Second Division through the heat of the hot fighting, Charles T. Menoher of the 42d, W. M. Wright of the 80th, Adelbert Cronkhite of the 80th, William G. Haan of the 32d, C. H. Muir of the 28th and Henry T. Allen of the 90th. All of these generals, excepting Lejeune, commanded army corps successfully in the final days of the war. They complete the list of accredited corps commanders.

Much has been made of the years of preparation devoted by the German war masters. Who has not heard of how for years they thought tactics, slept tactics, went endlessly to schools and maneuvers and spent all the years of their mature lives getting fit for "Der Tag"?

While no particular mention has ever been made of the fact, the same is true of our own great World War leaders. They were not accidents nor opportunists. The profession of arms had claimed all of their time and energy since boyhood. All five served a military apprenticeship at West Point and then started up the ladder from the humble grade of second lieutenant. They served, without exception, in the Spanish-American War and, at one time or another, at every important military point where troops have been maintained by the United States.

When the war came on, Liggett alone of the five was a general officer. He was a brigadier in command of the Fourth Infantry Brigade on the Mexican border, watchfully waiting for the Mexi-

cans to start a real rumpus. Bullard was a colonel of infantry commanding a border patrol force. Dickman was in command of a cavalry regiment, Summerall was a lieutenant colonel of field artillery on duty with the Militia Bureau at Washington. Hines, Adjutant General of the Punitive Expedition in Mexico, had just settled down in comfort as adjutant at Governors Island, with the rank of major, when the call came.

Their place in American history, of course, is secure. When the calm history of American participation in the World War is written, free of restraining influences, prejudice, fear or favor, our now unknown World War Commanders will become known with Grant and Sherman, Sheridan, Lee and Jackson. Coming generations will learn of their achievement, estimate and acclaim at something of its true worth the service they performed for their country, and perpetuate their memory. Perhaps, too, such dates as March 21st will come to have some significance as the birthday of the man who commanded our greatest American army in battle — General Hunter Liggett.

Some one, several years after the war, discovered in holy horror that General Liggett's national reception upon his arrival home from the front had consisted in the stripping off of one of his three stars. The matter was taken up indignantly with Congress. Our national lawmakers were asked to return to the general his rank of lieutenant general to carry with him into retirement.

That was at a time when the masses of returning war veterans were busy with the problem of getting back to work—or helping find work for their nine hundred thousand less fortunate buddies who, in 1921, were still walking the streets looking for elusive jobs from grateful employers. Otherwise the Liggett movement might have gained greater support. As it was, some politician in Congress stood up to offer an amendment to the bill for restoration of the Liggett rank. He wanted another name or two added. That gave the happy thought to another politician who had a local favorite for promotion. A regular avalanche of proposed riders to the Liggett bill poured in. General Liggett's friends suggested that each case be considered on its merits. But the outcome of it all was that the matter went on the table with a Congressional yawn—and there the matter slumbers to this day.

Having made such a felicitous occasion of it in 1927, no doubt the appreciative German people will start early this year with a movement for bigger and better von Hindenburg birthday parties. With the experience of 1927 to guide him, von Hindenburg will be able to make proper provision for adequate housing of his mountain of gifts.

In the meantime, however, the Liggett birthday in March has not passed entirely unnoticed. It never has. Mrs. Liggett remembered, and the big general, who isn't much for fuss and feathers anyhow, beamed his gratitude for the annual birthday box of his favorite Manila cigars.

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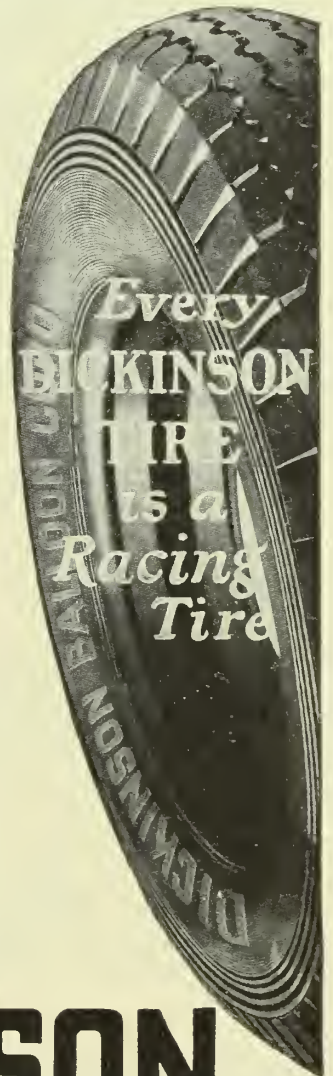
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Private John Smith

(Continued from page 11)

to be said. But the colonel said it.

"Canned goods!" he repeated.

"Yes, sir," Captain Dakin answered stoutly. He flushed. He saw the adjutant smiling. The adjutant knew that the junior officers called him Soup.

"Canned goods!" Colonel Blunt persisted. "On the road. How long ago? Two years? One year. One year, sir!" He addressed the assistant chief of staff. "And now you expect him to lead two hundred and fifty men in action? Why, that was a battalion on the border, a whole battalion, sir, two hundred and fifty men. Good men. Our squadron, with forty miles of river to patrol, had only two hundred and sixty. And eleven officers, every one of them with four years of academy training. Good officers. And here's Captain Dakin selling beans on the road a year ago . . . no offense, Captain, no offense. It takes years, sir, to make soldiers. Years!"

Captain Dakin was thinking of Private James Hires, who didn't know his general orders.

"If it takes years, then you're a lax commanding officer," the assistant chief of staff said.

"I? Lax?" Colonel Blunt leaped from his chair, sputtering. "Lax, sir? Why, that's an insult, sir, an insult! I'm the strictest officer on this ship, the very strictest! Am I to blame because half the men try to pull a trigger with their thumbs?" He swung nervously on Captain Dakin. "Captain, how many men in your company came aboard ship without a uniform?"

"Seventy, sir."

"Seventy! And you say I'm lax, Colonel Wellington?"

"Oh, no. Not you in particular." The assistant chief of staff spoke with withering indifference. "I was merely expressing a generality. You're all too lax, all you men who've been loafing around for years in comfortable garrisons. . . ."

"Comfortable garrisons?" Colonel Blunt's face was red. "Comfortable? Maybe you mean a 'dobe shack with snakes in the roof. . . ."

"All too lenient," Colonel Wellington continued suavely. "I see it every day."

The adjutant arose uneasily.

"If the colonel will excuse me," he said.

"Certainly. Certainly," Colonel Blunt answered. He cleared his throat angrily. "I still consider it an insult, sir. . . ."

Colonel Wellington laughed.

"Oh, no." He refused to apologize. "No insult to you. A favor to me instead. If your adjutant will be good enough to stop in my stateroom . . . this vessel's outrageous tonight. You'll find a bottle under my pillow. . . ."

"Yes, sir," the adjutant responded promptly, "I'll bring it at once."

"Four glasses and a siphon," Colonel Wellington directed the smoking-room steward.

Captain Dakin refused the drink.

"I'd rather not," he said stiffly.

His colonel paused, the glass halfway to his lips. He grunted audibly, looked suspiciously at the captain.

"Teetotaler?" Colonel Wellington demanded.

"No, sir."

"It's good whisky."

"Yes, sir."

"Then may I ask . . ." the assistant chief of staff paused significantly.

"Yes, sir. It's against regulations."

"Against regulations?" Colonel Wellington set down his drink and stared disapprovingly at the younger officer. Then he smiled. "You're very punctilious." He turned to Colonel Blunt. "Are all the officers in your regiment impertinent, sir? If so, it's more proof of laxity."

Colonel Blunt choked. He gulped down his last swallow, choked again. "If the man don't want a drink, sir," he sputtered, "if he don't want a drink . . ." he stopped, searching wildly for words.

"He's an undisciplined cub," the assistant chief of staff growled. He sauntered across the room and through the curtained entry.

Colonel Blunt banged down his glass. It broke resoundingly under the blow. He dashed the pieces from the table to the floor.

"Get out, Captain!" he screamed. "Out! Go see what your damned worthless guard's doing now! D' hear me? Get out! Lax, eh?" He ran his hands distractedly through his white hair. "Have you no sense at all, Dakin? Refuse a staff officer's drink? Lax, eh?" He rushed out of sight through the curtain.

"Oh, Lord!" Captain Dakin remarked.

IT WAS sickening below decks. He opened the iron door to the fireroom and passed along the blistering alley between two boilers. At its end he thrust his baked head through an opening into a dark, evil-smelling area where the grumble of water against the sides emphasized the pitch of the ship. He pressed the button of his flashlight. A soldier sprawled limply against the bulkhead, beside a thick door with a lock like the handle of a butcher's ice box.

"All right, Moore?"

"Sick, sir."

"So's everybody. What are your orders?"

"Shut this door if anything happens. Explosion or anything."

"Then what?"

"Stick by it, sir. Don't let nobody open it."

"That's it. You'll soon be relieved. Fight it out."

He sought the next watertight compartment door, and the next. Darkness, the tumbling of the ship, the sickening odor, dizziness confused him. He went by long detours. Twenty minutes passed.

All was well with the guard below decks. He staggered up the companion toward his quarters. Hard work those men down there had . . . guard duty two hours at a time, then sleep and eat in the same smell. They were ready for mutiny, and you couldn't blame them. He climbed to the deck to clear his head.

The adjutant, half undressed, was running along the promenade.

"Old man wants you, Dakin!" he cried. "Double time!"

Captain Dakin ran, his service pistol pounding his thigh with each step. He trod the frightened adjutant's heels at the smoking-room door. Colonel Blunt danced in the opening, its curtain wide. The assistant chief of staff, as calm as ever, was pointing upward. He wore a wet raincoat over his whipcord blouse, indicating that he, too, had just come from above.

"Make example of this one!" Dakin heard.

"You, Dakin?" Colonel Blunt cried. "You . . ." he gasped for breath. "Officer of the day!"

"Yes, sir."

"You made the rounds of all posts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Marconi deck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come!" The command was brittle. "Adjutant, send the corporal of the guard!"

Out upon the dark, heaving deck, the maddened winds of the north Atlantic lashed across the upperworkings of the troop ship. Colonel Blunt ran toward the stern, a mincing, cavalry pace in his feet. The vessel plunged just as he gripped the ladder. He swayed, held firm, and clawed upward. Colonel Wellington followed deliberately. There was a sign of triumph in his manner. Captain Dakin climbed third.

No challenge met them. The Marconi deck, twenty feet by twenty, pitched and tumbled silently in unprotected blackness.

"Where's he now?" the colonel cried.

"Halt!" bade a weak voice that Captain Dakin recognized. "Who's it there?"

"Commanding officer! Put that gun down!"

"Get to hell off'n here," ordered Private James Hires.

The colonel swung fiercely on Captain Dakin.

"He was asleep!" he shouted. "Asleep on post! And now he's insolent!"

The moving black shadow reeled, gripped the rail for support.

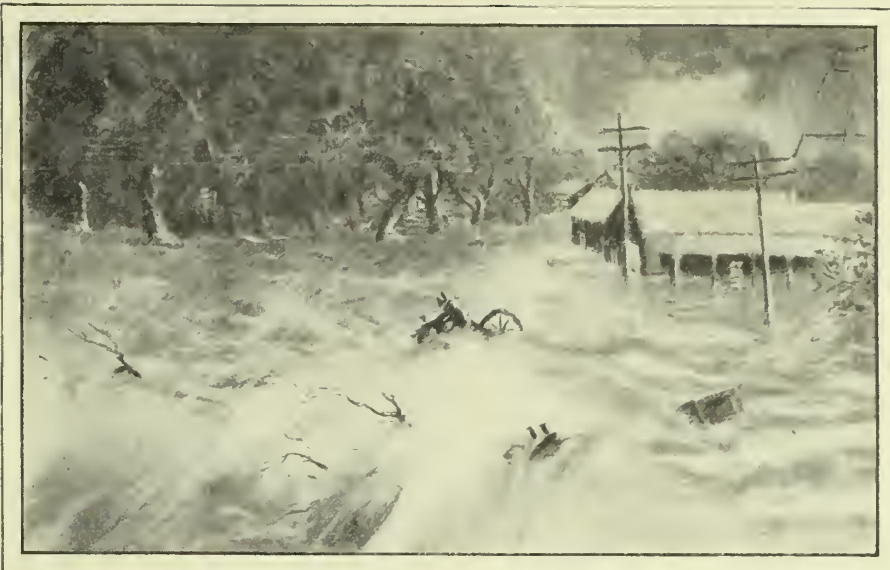
"What's the matter, Hires?" Captain Dakin cried.

"Asleep, I tell you!" the colonel screamed.

"That's a damned lie," answered the shadow. It moved closer. "I ain't been asleep. I'm sick. Ask the captain!"

The corporal of the guard climbed up breathlessly.

"Place this sentry under arrest, Corporal!" Colonel Blunt demanded. "Take his arms. Under arrest, you hear? Bring him down, Captain! He's your man! I'll show you now what discipline means! Stay here, Corporal, captain'll send relief!" (Continued on page 56)



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Private John Smith

(Continued from page 55)

He climbed swiftly down the ladder. He was trotting when he reached the first curtain to the smoking-room. He yanked it open, again heedless of lights. The steward stood in the middle of the floor, a dustpan of broken glass in one hand, a broom in the other.

"Get out!" Colonel Blunt ordered him.

He dragged Private Hires into the room. The sentry's face showed white under the center cluster of lights. His eyes blinded after the blackness of the deck. He lifted one hand spasmodically, tried to reach the nearest chair.

"Stand at attention!" Colonel Blunt commanded.

"Man didn't challenge me at all," the assistant chief of staff said. He lighted a cigarette coolly, looked askance over the match at Private Hires. "Just happened I went up to Marconi deck. Walked all around. This fellow was leaning against the rail. Sound asleep."

"I was sick!" Hires cried.

"Sick now?"

"Near dead!"

"Anybody ever teach you to say 'sir'?"

"Yes, sir. The corp'r'l."

"Might try it now and then." The assistant chief of staff turned to the colonel. "Chance for some discipline, Colonel."

With that he walked into the corridor, still smoking his cigarette. Colonel Blunt stared apoplectically after him. He gasped once, mouth open, and then words shot out. "Asleep! Asleep on post! Marconi deck of all places! And a staff officer discovers him! Fine mark for the regiment. Anything to say, Captain Dakin? This the way you train men? This the way . . ."

"He's been five weeks in the army, sir."

"Long enough to learn not to sleep on post. Enemies all about, submarines, spies, God knows what all! Mid-Atlantic! Half of us can't swim, water like ice, and he goes to sleep! I'll try him, sir, try him! Call a court soon as we land! Asleep on post! Understand what that means?" He whirled on Private Hires. "You'll be shot, I tell you, shot at sunrise!"

"No!" Captain Dakin cried.

The colonel's rage chilled. His teeth snapped together and he looked contemptuously from the shrinking Private Hires to the commander of Company E.

"Are you trying to tell me Army regulations, Captain? Ah, I didn't think so. Pick him up, what's he falling down for? Put him under guard." Private Hires, whose birthday it was, lay face downward on the thick green smoking-room carpet. His shoulders moved convulsively once. "He'll be shot!" Colonel Blunt cried again. "Good discipline! Good for the whole regiment! Make 'em think! War's a serious business, Captain!" He rushed, muttering, from the room. "Lax, eh?"

Once each day in the three thereafter, the commander of Company E requested permission of the adjutant to speak to the colonel. He had mounted each time from an airless compartment deep down in the ship, where Private James Hires lay on the floor. The man had recovered from seasickness. Something worse troubled him now, fear and the torment of waiting. Outside his door a soldier stood guard, a sergeant, equipped with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet.

Each time, to each of Captain Dakin's anxious suggestions, Colonel Blunt shouted "No!"

The captain was very patient. He mentioned regularly the soldier's length of service and the name of a county in North Dakota that didn't have a railroad. And always: "He was sick, sir. Never saw water before in his life."

On the third day Colonel Blunt gasped angrily, threw down his pen and rose to his feet.

"I'll court-martial you, too, Dakin!"

"Yes, sir. I wish you would, sir!"

"You do, eh? I'll have a court for you both soon as we reach Liverpool! Your man'll be shot, sir! Talk of discipline! We'll have it, now on. Who was it refused a glass of Scotch? You, sir! Said it was against regulations!"

"It was, sir."

"Was? All right. Go read the regulations. See if they say anything about sleeping on post!"

He waved the officer out of headquarters.

In the first sergeant's third-class state-room, where he had no business to be, except on official inspection, Captain Dakin sat down sickly on the bunk and clenched and unclenched his hands. He didn't have much imagination; didn't need much to see Private James Hires' weak face. See it constantly. And his eyes. Blinking all the time, as if they were watching the seven poised rifles of a firing squad. And his voice. So damned reminiscent of deep woods . . . too high and a little squeaky now, like a rabbit's . . . like a rabbit full of buck-shot . . .

"Oh, Lord!" he muttered.

THERE was bustle as the ship turned into the Mersey. Liverpool smoked on both banks. Company commanders, passenger lists in hand, were checking their personnel.

"You're to send twenty-five men ashore for labor detail in England," the colonel's adjutant instructed Captain Dakin. "Verbal orders of the commanding officer. Won't ever rejoin the regiment. Have their service records ready and make a check on their property. They'll go over in a lighter soon as we dock."

"Twenty-five?" Captain Dakin asked.

"Any twenty-five?"

"Huskies. Needn't be good soldiers."

Captain Dakin walked away stiffly.

His first sergeant and company clerk were waiting sullenly in his quarters. He knew from their faces how they had been talking; talking about Hires. The whole company was mutinous. Good example? Discipline? Dakin laughed.

"A blank service record form, please, Sergeant," he said briskly, "and Sergeant, what's the commonest name in the world?"

"Commonest? I don't know, sir."

"John Smith, maybe?"

"Yes, sir. I'd say so, sir."

The captain sat down at the washstand.

"You've Hires' service record handy?"

"Yes, sir. Right here, sir."

The captain examined it briefly. Then he spread it out beside the blank and for a few minutes transcribed facts. When the new one was filled, he blotted it carefully, folded it twice, and handed it to the first sergeant.

"This is Private John Smith's record," he advised. "He's to go on labor detail with twenty-five other men . . . you pick 'em, Sergeant. Twenty-five. Right away. Men you want to kiss good-bye. Never'll see them again, the adjutant tells me. They're to stay in England. Twenty-five and Smith. Needn't mention him on the muster rolls. Turn his records over to the non-com who takes the detail. We'll be in France in three days, the rest of us."

"I don't understand, sir."

"That's the hell of war, Sergeant. None of us understand."

"But there ain't no Private Smith. None in our company. C's got a barber named Smith . . ."

"I'll produce our Smith," the captain answered.

Ten minutes later (just as Colonel Wellington, who for some reason dreaded to land, had remarked piously to Colonel Blunt that he hoped every man in the American Army would go into battle with love in his heart), Captain Dakin, commanding officer of Company E, slipped out of an airless compartment deep in the ship and for a moment talked quietly to the sergeant on guard.

The sergeant listened respectfully. His reserve broke, when the captain was gone, and he pounded uproariously on the thick iron door.

"Hey, you in there!" he shouted.

The pale face of the prisoner pushed out of the darkness. He was thinner than he had been a week before.

"What's your name?" the sergeant boomed.

"Private John Smith," the weak voice answered.

"You're dam' right," the sergeant agreed, "Private John Smith, and don't you forget it! I'm glad to meet you, Private Smith. You're going on labor detail. Move quick now, and write your maw you got a good skipper!"

Tugs warped the troop ship into her berth. Captain Dakin, standing by the rail, twice counted the heads in the lighter that was pulling ashore. Twenty-six, all in new overseas caps. Correct. He turned along the deck, hurried down the main companionway and disappeared.

(Continued on page 58)

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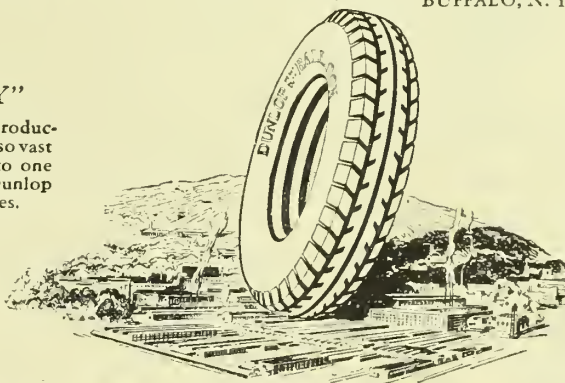
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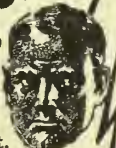
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Private John Smith

(Continued from page 57)

Three minutes later he was back, running. The colonel and the assistant chief of staff were having a last argument in the smoking-room. Everything was ready for debarkation. Only, the ship's officers explained, it would be two hours, or three, before that process began. The chief of staff was setting down a bottle.

"Oh, you!" he said, when he saw Dakin. He turned his back pointedly. "Lucky this Scotch lasted the whole trip," he remarked, "cold water makes me sick, steady diet. Drink, Colonel?"

"Sir!" it was Captain Dakin. "The prisoner's gone!"

"Eh? You mean Hires?" Colonel Blunt leaped to his feet. "Hires? Escaped?"

"The sergeant just looked in! Hadn't heard him for two hours! He's gone..."

"Gone? Why, the man's to be shot! He mustn't get away! You're lax, Dakin, lax..."

"I've investigated, sir. There's a loose

plate in the floor. And a porthole open. If you wish to come down, both of you..." He paused politely.

"Down there? In that stench?" Colonel Wellington grunted.

"Hunt him!" Colonel Blunt ordered. "Rouse the crew! Why, he's an example, Dakin, he mustn't get away! Couldn't! Unless..." he looked fixedly at his captain. His mouth fell open of its own accord. He snapped it shut. "Sergeant let him go?"

"No, sir! Oh, no, sir!" The captain's voice was positive.

"He jumped," guessed the assistant chief of staff. "Good riddance."

Captain Dakin emerged on the sunny deck, whistling quietly, his shoulders very straight. His first sergeant, who awaited him, nodded once and pointed shoreward. Private John Smith and a detail of twenty-five were debarking from a lighter.

"List Hires as missing at sea, Sergeant," Captain Dakin directed.

The Girl Who Wore C. D.

(Continued from page 33)

looked to us like genius. Penmanship, needlecraft, drawing, painting—she was master of them all—and very generous with them. Her art work in the class records lifted those amateur efforts to the professional class in appearance. Her ability to accomplish successfully these tasks—or any others—under pressure amazed us. . . . She could do in a short time, and win the coveted high marks, too, any amount of work which we had been laboring over interminably. Her mind was unusually keen and her judgments for the most part were more mature than ours. . . . She had dignity and poise above the average."

When the story of the McIntyre sisters' behavior under fire was cabled back to this country in the spring of 1918 newspaper editors realized the news value of the "Doughnut Sisters" as the two girls came to be called, and kept after their correspondents on the various portions of the front visited by the girls to send more stories about them. As a consequence thousands of words were cabled to this country. The correspondents were of course not allowed to send back news of identifiable units in the Army, and only on rare occasions could they mention names. But here were two young American girls displaying in an advanced sector the sort of initiative and pluck that we like to consider typically American—and the censor could see no reason for deleting their names.

A correspondent for one of the largest of the press associations told me the other day that another reason why the McIntyres got into the news so frequently in those stirring days was that

they were so unaffectedly on the job all the time.

"They didn't try to impress on any of us the fact that they were doing a wonderful job," he said. "In fact they didn't talk about their work. And because of that spirit of self effacement they 'sold' us on the Salvation Army, besides winning from all of us—soldiers and correspondents—all sorts of admiration for them personally."

The behavior of these girls under fire won for their organization the esteem and affection of the entire country. That esteem and affection were deserved. The Salvation Army did a grand job with limited facilities at its disposal.

Right here it might not be out of order to say that in addition to the service of the two McIntyre girls and their father, who also engaged in war work with the Salvation Army, the family had representatives in the Army and Navy. Clifford McIntyre, a student at Yale University, became commanding officer of navigation at Pelham Bay Park, New York, and later assistant recruiting inspector for the Naval Department of the East, with the grade of lieutenant. Richmond McIntyre, hardly seventeen years of age, accompanied his sisters to the pier when they sailed for the war zone and then got aboard a train for Fort Slocum, New York, where he convinced recruiting officers that he was old enough to join a medical detachment of the Army.

Mrs. Walbridge was born in Kingston, Ontario, Canada, where her father and mother were engaged in Salvation Army work. Her grandparents on both sides

came from Inverness in the Highlands of Scotland. During her babyhood her father was carrying on welfare work in Labrador among the fishermen, on the Banks, where he came in contact with the early efforts of the later-to-become-famous missionary, Dr. Grenfell, and in Newfoundland. It was pioneer work and the efforts told on Mr. McIntyre's health, so that it was necessary for him to go to a warmer climate. So the next few years found the McIntyres in California. Later the family moved to Buffalo and Irene was in elementary school there for five years. But the memories of California must have been especially pleasant, for Commissioner McIntyre recalls that Irene and an older brother made a daring attempt to go back west.

"She was but a baby of two years when we took her to California," he says, "and she and this brother both seemed to have it tucked away in their minds to some day get back, so when he was about ten, and she about eight, he suggested the time was ripe for such a venture, and it appealed to her adventurous spirit. Two didn't seem a large enough crowd so they took a still younger brother, and their two collie dogs, while Mrs. McIntyre and I were absent from home for a few days.

"After they had been tucked away in bed by their grandmother, and thought to be all safe and sound, and she had gone to her room, they crept out, dressed, and slipped out a basement window so they wouldn't leave any unlocked doors behind them, and with their dogs and some blankets set out. But they didn't get far before they realized that blankets would not be the only thing they would need, at least I think the older brother thought of this. They would need money and food, neither of which they had provided themselves with. They walked back to a point from which they could see the windows of their home and discovered the house all lighted up, which meant their grandmother had discovered that they had gone. Their hearts smote them when they thought of the fright that would strike the grandmother, and after a conference under the friendly moon, they gathered up their blankets, called their little brother and their dogs to follow and headed homeward. This runaway was the only thing of its type that she ever attempted."

From Buffalo the family moved to Mt. Vernon, New York, and Irene was graduated from Mt. Vernon High School. Commissioner McIntyre is now stationed in Atlanta, where he directs Salvation Army work in fifteen southern States.

In the fall of 1909 Irene entered Mt. Holyoke College at South Hadley, Massachusetts, being graduated four years later.

In the summer of 1914 Commissioner McIntyre and his older daughter set out for Constance, Switzerland, where a great international peace conference was to be held. The two were in Strasbourg late in July when German mobilization began. (Continued on page 60)

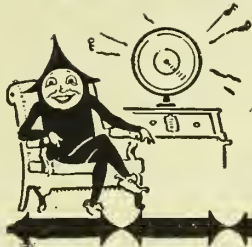
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Three, four - They all want more
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The Girl Who Wore O. D.

(Continued from page 59)

It was impossible for them to get into Switzerland, and for a time it looked as if they would be unable to get out of Germany. Mr. McIntyre's ingenuity overcame all difficulties, however, and they were able to get into Holland. They saw the opening of the first line of dykes, Holland's move to escape the fate of Belgium in enforcing her neutrality.

The last boat out of Holland for Harwich, England, carried the McIntyres. By this time the North Sea had been planted with mines, and the boat, overloaded, came into the harbor at Harwich to the sounds of distant naval warfare. A number of German sailors taken in the first encounter with the British were brought into Harwich as their boat docked. Father and daughter saw British mobilization under way in England and Scotland before they sailed for home in September. She had seen Europe in peace during July, had caught a glimpse of the Kaiser's yacht at Berholm on the Sognefjord in Norway and had seen Stockholm brilliant with decorations receiving the French President and navy on official visit. And then she had gained a glimpse of the feverish excitement of nations girding themselves for a great war. Beneath the surface attitude of certain victory that was rife in Strasbourg she had noted the anxiety of the people, and had been struck with the bewilderment that had fallen upon the nations.

She was to see Strasbourg under still more martial conditions, for when the French entered it as victors she went along. And in 1927, as a member of the Commander's Party, she saw it with the war nine years behind.

The baptism of fire which the two McIntyre girls had at Ansaucourt was followed by strenuous service at Raulecourt, where they served with the 26th and 82d Divisions before the St. Mihiel drive. There they cooked out-of-doors in a position where they could be seen with the naked eye from the German observation posts on Mont Sec. So exposed was the position that the approach to it had to be made by night. It was while here that the two girls met the officers who later became their husbands, Gladys being married in 1919 to Lieutenant Russell Harmon of Company C, 104th Infantry, 26th Division.

After Raulecourt, the two girls went to Vacqueville in the Luneville Sector with the 77th Division. One night while here they started to take a walk for exercise after they had closed their hut, and in the confusion of the relieving of troops, took the wrong road and walked into a dangerous position on the front. They passed in front of machine gun emplacements and came near walking into the German lines. Finally they were stopped by a sentry who shouted "Halt." The word being the same in English and German, they did not know for a moment whether they were being

stopped by an American or a German. They were taken to battalion headquarters because they were coming from the direction of the German lines.

At Vacqueville they joined the 37th Division, Ohio troops, and went with them to the Argonne, arriving there two days before the opening of the offensive, being among the first of the welfare workers in that sector.

They were at Recicourt with the 37th Division when it took off in the Argonne offensive. The night before the offensive Irene stood on a hill and watched the tremendous artillery preparation. She has a very vivid impression of this night and remembers particularly seeing two airplanes shot down in flames during the early combats overhead. At Recicourt Gladys was stricken with appendicitis and taken back to the hospital, leaving Irene alone. She had lost all of her equipment in the move to the Argonne, but was provided with a field kitchen and some G. I. cans with which she made black coffee for the troops. In the second week of the Argonne offensive she was with the First Division.

After service at Neuilly during the relief of the 28th Division Irene McIntyre went to Varennes, where she had a tent over a shell hole at a cross road that was heavily shelled by the enemy. Here she dispensed doughnuts and coffee to men of the 28th and 42d Divisions. Later, at Cheppy, she was with the First and 42d and worked in a triage with the wounded. She got a touch of gas here while maintaining headquarters in a captured German trench the mouth of which was under fire of the retreating enemy. At Thiaucourt, the night before the signing of the Armistice, the building in which she was working was struck by a shell during a bombardment, but she was not injured. After the Armistice she spent the winter in the devastated villages which quartered American troops. In addition to her citations Mrs. Walbridge was recommended through regular Army channels for the Distinguished Service Cross, an honor that would have required a special Act of Congress.

When Mrs. Walbridge was elected National President at the Paris convention, she brought to the leadership of the Auxiliary the same resourcefulness and vision that had carried her through her war experiences.

The need of more comprehensive publicity which would better present the aims and activities of the Auxiliary to the public had long been felt in the organization. The convention in Paris gave authority for the establishment of a publicity directorship. By the time her administration was two months old, Mrs. Walbridge had this publicity work established and supplying the organization with its services.

A program for the furtherance of the

Legion's work for the welfare of the children of dead and disabled veterans has been developed and regional chairmen of child welfare have been appointed, making the Auxiliary's set-up for this work conform with that of the Legion. Strong support has also been given to the Legion's legislative program; particular efforts have been exerted for the passage of the bill for the retirement of disabled emergency officers and the Universal Draft Act.

Mrs. Walbridge led the Auxiliary delegation to the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, held in Washington, D. C., in February, at which strong support to national defense measures was pledged in behalf of the women of thirty-four patriotic organizations. She took a leading part in the conference, serving as vice chairman, and was elected chairman of the extension committee which will have charge of the conference next year.

The expressed aim of Mrs. Walbridge in her administration is full co-operation with the Legion in all its work, and, through increased membership, to make the Auxiliary a more effective aid in the Legion program.

Mrs. Walbridge has recently returned from a trip to Hawaii and expects to visit all the Departments during her term of office. She is the youngest President in the Auxiliary's history, but her record of service in war and peace justifies a belief that the Auxiliary is in for its greatest year in growth and service.

Hobnails not Wings

(Continued from page 40)

approach that would tend to inspire confidence. It wasn't long before they knew something about the immigrants; how long they had been in this country, how many could not speak English, how many had applied for citizenship papers and how many wanted to learn our language, our customs and become American citizens. With this information at hand, a night school was started, teachers were employed and the melting pot began to simmer. First citizenship papers were procured for many, and as they became eligible for final papers their formal admittance to citizenship was sponsored by Legionnaires. The federal court officials gave endorsement and encouragement.

Then, there was work to do among the boys of these immigrants. The post felt that a good thing to do along that line was to get these boys into Boy Scout work, so they could assimilate the ideas, customs and spirit of the American boy. The post did not corral them in troops made up wholly of children of foreign-born parents, but instead found places in Boy Scout troops of native boys for their gradual absorption.

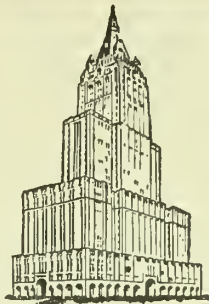
Today, whenever a newly arrived immigrant locates in that colony, Legionnaires visit him and tell him about our Government, our institutions and our history, about (Continued on page 62)

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Insurance owned by policy-holders on December 31	Over	\$6,285,000,000
Number of policies owned by them		2,381,186

1927 PAYMENTS to POLICY-HOLDERS and BENEFICIARIES

Paid to living policy-holders	Over	\$90,500,000
Paid to Beneficiaries in Death Claims	Over	\$48,500,000
Dividends (included above)	Over	\$53,000,000
Paid policy-holders and beneficiaries since organization	Over	\$2,640,000,000

CREDIT and DEBIT SUMMARY on DEC. 31, 1927

Amount of the Company's obligations (liabilities) and the funds held to meet them, showing a surplus or general contingency fund of

\$115,227,812.30

ASSETS

Real Estate owned and First Mortgage Loans on Farms, Homes and Business Property	\$503,308,744.93
Bonds of the United States, Other Govern- ments, States, Cities, Counties, Public Utili- ties, Railroads, etc.	628,437,285.07
Policy Loans, Cash and Other Assets	269,330,791.52
Total Funds for Policy-holders'	
Protection	\$1,401,076,821.52

LIABILITIES

Reserves—ample with fu- ture premiums & Inter- est to pay all insurance & annuity obligations as they become due	\$1,215,522,705.25
Dividends payable to policy-holders in 1928	59,886,112.00
All other Liabilities	10,440,191.97
Total Liabilities	\$1,285,849,009.22
General Contingency Fund	115,227,812.30
Total	\$1,401,076,821.52

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Hobnails not Wings

(Continued from page 61)

the rights and privileges given by the Constitution of the United States, and place at his disposal their services in orientating him to his new environment, and preparing him for a happy, loyal, contented citizenship in this new land of his adoption.

This program is a success, because what was once a hotbed of discontent and misunderstanding is now the home of understanding, worthy ambition and loyal devotion to the Government of the United States. This is a fine example of Americanization effort which Legion posts are constantly doing and embraces fundamental elements of sound Americanism.

There is another town that comes to mind. There many children were denied the opportunity of going to high school because their families needed their earning-power. The Legion post recognized this condition and set about to remedy it by establishing a night high school. When the school officials were first approached with the idea they laughed at it with some scorn. They said there would be no attendance even though such a school were started. However, the Legionnaires went ahead and took a census of children of high school age who wanted to go to night school. There were between thirty and forty boys and girls who wanted this chance. The Legion insisted they be given it. The school board was finally prevailed upon to furnish classrooms and fuel. The Legion post paid for the teachers. The plan was a success from the start. It has been in operation three years and the enrollment is now over one hundred and the local school board is footing all the bills. This work can also be called good Americanism.

In another town, about three years ago, a Legionnaire got up at his post meeting and told the gang of an organization which had reached into the community and was planning to convert the boys of the community to the ideals of communism and the acceptance of peace-at-any-price pacifism. This movement was not coming into the community by means of any wild-eyed, long-haired, soap-box orators, but it was fostered by suave, well-groomed, well-educated personalities of a self-styled intelligentsia. As a matter of fact, some of the sponsors were people of considerable wealth; wealth, however, which had not been earned in the field of competitive business, but had been inherited and received through the toil and labor of others, the value of which could not be appreciated by its inheritors.

The Legionnaire informant at the meeting also told of the efforts being made to instill in the minds of the boys of the community the belief that if they joined the Boy Scouts of America and subscribed to its principles they would be pledging themselves to a capitalistic class which would use them as tools to

break strikes and beat down wages. This movement was also teaching the boys that the idealism of American history was a lot of hokum and that the American flag was the emblem of protection for the strong only and the emblem of oppression for the weak.

This Legionnaire felt that it was time for the Legion post to take some action to offset this flow of propaganda. There were two courses that might be pursued. One was to denounce the sponsors of the movement, break up their meetings, ride them out of town on a rail, and make martyrs out of them, a procedure greatly desired by such people. The other course was one of militant, aggressive, and constructive educational work; asking no quarter from the reds, pinks and yellows, and giving none.

The post adopted the latter course and went to work. First, it must find something to give the boys of the community that would let them understand the principles of this democracy, and their worth when weighed in the balance against the visionary doctrine of the radicals. Youth does not take to platitudinous preachments and the post felt it should have some practical way of stimulating their natural love for home and country and honor. The post began to furnish leadership for the various Scout groups already sponsoring troops. Boys love ceremonial activities and the post worked up picturization of historical events for them to participate in on patriotic holidays.

Boys like sports and there is no better way in which to impart the principles of good citizenship than by writing the principles of good sportsmanship into the hearts and character of youth in its formative period. This post organized a baseball league for boys under seventeen. They promoted about sixteen teams in the town, each team sponsored by some group such as civic clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, etc. In this way, upward of two hundred boys in that community got the spirit of obedience to rules, playing fair, being loyal and learning the value of teamwork. When these boys grow up, those qualities will be reflected in their obedience to law, loyalty to country, respect of political and religious beliefs of their fellow man, knowledge of the value of co-operation, gameness to meet competition and refusal to whine or surrender when the tide sets against them, and the recognition of no standard of human excellence save that of merit.

Realizing that boys of high school age expect to take their places in the active life of the world, this post set itself the task of giving them an idea of what they could expect to meet in the different industries, professions and businesses.

They take these boys by the arm and say: "Look here, buddy; this is what is ahead of you if you go into the line of work I have followed; you will meet

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this and that kind of obstacles and discouragements, you will need this sort of qualification and that kind of preparation; you will have an opportunity for this sort of success and that kind of happiness, and you will be worth your salt to your country in this way."

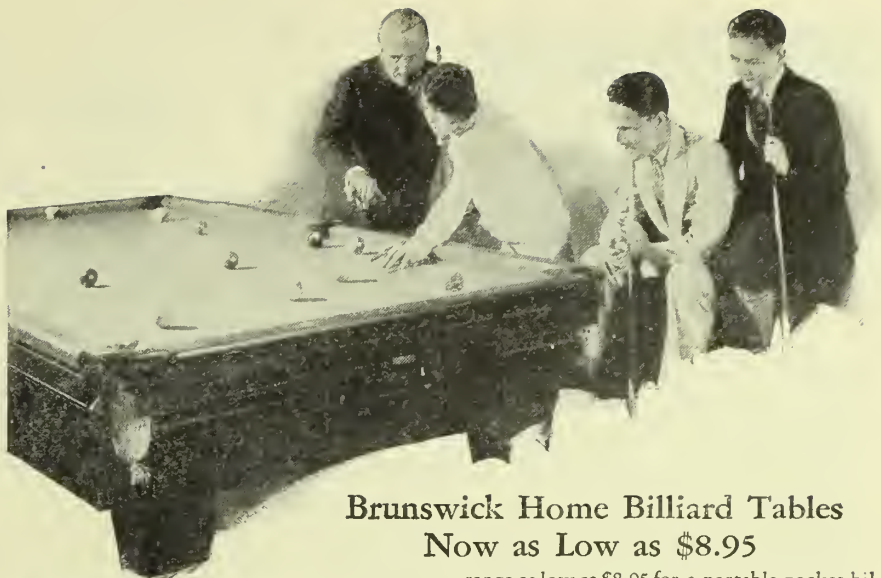
To do this, the post arranged to take groups of boys, throughout the year, to the different places in the community where men are actually engaged in worthwhile work, and had Legionnaires inform them about that work.

Every two weeks a sub-committee of the post, representing some particular line of vocation, gave a group of boys an understanding of the occupation it represented. The lawyers took the boys to a session of the local court and let them see the machinery of law in motion, and afterwards gave them a talk on the work, opportunities and responsibilities of a lawyer. The manufacturers took the boys through a local factory, explained the process of production, the method of disposal of the products, the work of different executives, the training and qualifications required and the part played by manufacturing in the life of the country. A committee of doctors took the boys through the hospitals, explained the different parts of the institution to them, gave them talks on the medical profession, its responsibilities and opportunities, the type of men required and the preparation necessary. A committee of public officials took the boys through the city hall and the courthouse and showed them the work of government going ahead in the different offices and explained the part played by each department and the requirements for different kinds of public work—and so on through the work of other vocational groups, merchants, farmers, bankers, ministers, newspapermen, engineers and others.

When the year had passed, every boy had been introduced to every occupation represented in the Legion post. Each boy had been given a wide view of what was ahead of him in occupational possibilities and an idea as to which occupation his talents and tastes best fitted him for and what he must do to prepare himself to enter that occupation.

The work of this post eloquently proves that the Legion is carrying out constructive, educational policies to the end that undesirable conditions may be observed, and co-operation obtained for their modification before a destructive, rancorous attitude of intolerance sets in. Loyalty to our country and its institutions have as corollaries a knowledge of the duties of public service, jury service, legislative responsibility and getting all the citizens out to vote. In this latter activity the Legion establishes itself in the principle of intelligent prevention of destructive tendencies rather than of unintelligent criticism and vituperation after the results of evil are observed.

The American Legion has always taken the lead in promoting proper respect for the flag. It was on the initiative of the Legion that a national flag code was drafted four years ago by a conference of (Continued on page 64)



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Hobnails not Wings

(Continued from page 63)

sixty-eight organizations. A bill is now before Congress to write that code into the federal statutes. A typical way in which flag education is being promoted is best illustrated by the campaign of one of the posts.

This post first arranged with a local paper to carry a seven-day series of feature articles about the flag. The first of the series was a story about the flag and the six subsequent instalments were written in pairs, one in which questions about the flag were asked and one in which the questions were answered. Next, the school authorities were called on to co-operate with the post by having the children study the series of articles on the flag. After the series had run, an examination on the flag was held among the school children and a silk flag was given to the pupil who made the highest grade in the test.

From the ranks of the Boy Scout groups, boys were selected and trained on the points of flag etiquette and formed into demonstration team groups. At and about the time of Flag Day these groups appeared before lodges, churches, clubs and other organizations and gave demonstrations on the usage of the flag and courtesies to it.

Another type of service rendered by the Legion, which embodies some very sound essentials of good Americanism, is best told in the story of a certain middle-western town. This particular town had a population of about three thousand. It had no waterworks. Realizing the possibilities of the whole town going up in smoke without any means of combating it, the Legion post set about to remedy the situation. It called a public meeting to discuss the proposition of raising a bond issue to meet the cost of a waterworks and sewage system. Similar proposed bond issues had been voted down in the town before, but this

did not discourage Legionnaires. When the citizens met and were informed of the object of the meeting, there were a few with as little foresight as that long-eared animal which comes into the world without pride of ancestry and goes out without hope of posterity, who complained that it would make taxes too high. They were in the minority. Proper steps were taken to have an election on the proposed bond issue. The Legion post made a card index of every voter in the township and saw to it that every voter was personally canvassed. Election day came around and Legionnaires with automobiles put them in service getting the voters to the polls. The bond issue carried by a big majority and the town today has an adequate waterworks and a modern filtration plant and an up-to-date sewage system. The manpower and spirit of the Legion lessened the fire hazard in that community and gave the people a system of sanitation in keeping with healthful necessity and common decency.

This, and—according to the latest tabulation—two hundred and twenty-seven other different sorts of community service, make up a vital part of the Legion work. In Legion circles this conception of service is called Americanism. Etymologists may take exception to the definition, and people with lots of spare time on their hands may meet and confer and resolve as to just what array of words will best define "Americanism." Well and good for them, but for the Legion its time is best spent in the actual doing of worthwhile things for America.

Identification of posts referred to in this article has been avoided because thousands of other posts doing similar work would be entitled, of course, to equal mention in these pages.

The Legion has caught a vision of what it can do for this country.

The Siege of the Alamo

(Continued from page 15)

deprived Texas of even the name of a government and left the bewildered little bands called the army high and dry to shift for themselves.

Travis was shifting. The largest and best equipped body of troops in Texas were the 420 men under James W. Fannin at Goliad, 150 miles away. Fannin had been a leader of the clique against Sam Houston and Travis had been for Houston. Nevertheless Travis wrote Fannin direct. That officer received the letter on February 25th, the third day of the siege. Three days later he carefully packed his baggage wagons and began a leisurely march toward the Alamo.

Travis sent other messages elsewhere and Henry Smith, the deposed governor, scattered far and wide a heart-

rending call. But Smith was not the type of leader to rally men for a desperate throw. The response to Travis's repeated heroic appeals likewise was a disappointment—a black disappointment—to the little garrison. Seven days and seven nights of fighting and not a man had come to join the defenders. But on the eighth day of battle—March 1st—at three o'clock in the morning, faithful Scout John W. Smith piloted through the enemy lines thirty-two settlers from Gonzales—practically all that were able to bear arms in the town. Twenty of them had left wives and children behind. The weary garrison received the recruits with a cheer. The outside world heard from at last! Hope was revived for Fannin whose force would surely

turn the tide of battle. The watch on the parapet strained his eyes at the southern prairie, but he saw only Mexicans, whose numbers ever increased, methodically throwing up works behind which to maneuver in greater safety and precision.

The Gonzales men brought the strength of the Alamo defenders up to the neighborhood of 183, not counting about twenty refugees from Bexar, mostly women and children, and two or three Negro slaves. So far the Texans had lost the services of only one man—Jim Bowie, who had fallen from a scaffold while helping to mount a gun. With a fight at hand Bowie and Travis had composed their differences. The trouble between these officers was that they both had red hair. Jim Bowie crippled was still worth a half dozen ordinary men. He hobbled about ready for the finish fight until a piercing northern brought on pneumonia. Half-delirious, Jim was carried to a cot which he never left again, and was nursed by a sister of his late wife who was among the refugees.

The Texans suffered greatly from fatigue and loss of sleep. Practically the whole command was on duty all the time. The bombardment was continuous and two hundred shells had fallen within the enclosures. The Texans replied with artillery and rifle fire from the walls, but their ammunition was low and they saved it to repel the general assault. Every hour the Texans witnessed new preparations for this attack, and the red flag of no quarter snapped in the north wind. The Mexicans were advancing batteries on all sides of the Alamo. Sallying parties of Texans made these maneuvers expensive, but Santa Anna had men to spare and he used them. The long hunting rifles of the Texans would no sooner clear out one batch of gunners than another would appear to carry on the work.

On the tenth day of the siege—March 3d—the enemy bombardment increased in violence and a hostile battery was planted within pistol shot of the north wall. On that day Travis received his last news from the outside. It was brought by James Butler Bonham, a colonel in the Texas military establishment before dissension broke it up, now serving as a volunteer scout under Lieutenant-Colonel Travis. He had carried the commandant's message to Fannin, and regardless of what Fannin intended to do had returned alone to stand with his comrades. Bonham's report of the mission to Fannin was a blow. While the whole truth of Fannin's behavior was never known to the Alamo's defenders, Bonham left Travis with little hope of aid from the source on which the garrison had built such high expectations. Fannin's half-hearted march toward the Alamo had ended within an hour after it began. One baggage wagon broke down and Fannin had returned to camp, without so much as sending a messenger to warn Travis to try to escape.

Fannin could have got word to Travis in time to (Continued on page 66)

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The Siege of the Alamo

(Continued from page 65)

have enabled his men to get through the enemy lines. Whether Travis would have done this is a question. The chances are he would not, for even after Bonham arrived the escape of the garrison was possible. There would have been a fight, but most of them could have got away. But Travis had said, "I shall never surrender or retreat," and he never did. The men who remained with him remained on those terms. There is a story, published many times, that Travis called his men together, stated his purpose to fight to the end and drew a line on the ground with his sword. Those wishing to stay should step across the line. The story has it that Jim Bowie had his cot carried across the line and every man, save one, followed him. This story, like much Alamo literature, is legend, not history. Its truth is improbable.

The fact is that no man deserted the twenty-eight-year-old leader, although abundant opportunity presented. William Barrett Travis lives in history for his thirteen-day defense of the Alamo. It is his sole claim to a renowned memory, and it is enough. The feat has few parallels in any annals. Bands of men have died before and since, to show devotion to a cause or loyalty to a leader they had long known and served, but this was not strictly the case at the Alamo. Texans were fighting Mexican tyranny—technically, that is so. Actually most of them were fighting for the thrill of it or because they were under the spell of professional adventurers who dominated a large part of the Texan stage. Travis, however, was no professional adventurer—professional adventurers do not die for a cause when they can help it. But he had no special claim on the loyalty of the men who followed him at the Alamo. Most of these men were unknown to him and he to them. His rank meant nothing. Texans cared nothing for rank and proved it on every occasion. With them it was the man that counted—and Travis was the man.

Bonham came in at eleven o'clock in the morning. Travis talked to him and spent the afternoon writing letters. There was still a chance—a bare chance—of help from without. Three days before—March 1st—an attempt to reorganize the Texas civil government was scheduled to be made at the town of Washington, 225 miles away. Travis prepared appeals to the men there, writing amid a cannonade and constant interruptions by his lieutenants with more bad news: the ring of investing troops was drawing closer.

Travis sent to Washington a temperate account of the action to date. "The spirits of my men are still high, although they have had much to depress them. We have contended for ten days against an enemy whose number are variously estimated at from fifteen

hundred to six thousand men. . . . A reinforcement of about one thousand men is now entering Bejar from the west. . . .

"Col. Fannin is said to be on the march to this place with reinforcements, but I fear it is not true, as I have repeatedly sent to him for aid without receiving any. . . . I look to the colonies alone for aid; unless it arrives soon, I shall have to fight the enemy on his own terms. I will, however, do the best I can . . . and although we may be sacrificed . . . the victory will cost the enemy so dear, that it will be worse for him than defeat. I hope your honorable body will hasten on reinforcements. . . . Our supply of ammunition is limited. . . . A blood red banner waves from the church of Bejar. . . . The bearer of this will give your honorable body a statement more in detail, should he escape through the enemy's lines. God and Texas—Victory or Death."

When his official communications were finished, Travis wrote to a friend to "take care of my little boy."

Night came on. The commandant handed his letters to Captain Albert Marten and said good luck. Marten stole through the gate and was lost in the shadows. The last of Travis's soldiers had left the Alamo.

The next day the Mexicans kept up a heavy fire of artillery, the Texans replying occasionally. The day after that—Saturday, March 5th—the bombardment eased off in the afternoon and by ten o'clock at night it ceased altogether. Travis suspected a ruse and posted all his men, who loaded their rifles and their guns and began their twelfth night of vigil. Since the siege had begun there had been no reliefs. The entire command had been continuously on duty. Beef and cornbread were served on the walls. That was the sole ration—no coffee, which would have helped to keep the men awake. Sleep was an enemy more dreaded than the Mexicans. For days men had been dozing in snatches at their guns during the thunder of bombardment. Now the roar had ceased. A silence almost tangible, a star-lit southern night: the defenders of the Alamo leaned against their guns—and slept.

At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon Santa Anna called his commanding officers to headquarters in Bexar. He distributed copies of a general order. "The time has come to strike a decisive blow upon the enemy occupying the Fortress of the Alamo. . . . Tomorrow at four o'clock a. m., the columns of attack shall be stationed at musket-shot distance from the first entrenchments, ready for the charge, which shall commence at a signal to be given with the bugle."

The attacking columns would be four in number—one to storm each side of the Alamo simultaneously. They were to be composed of 1,400 infantry who

had enjoyed three days' rest. "The first column will carry ten ladders, two crowbars and two axes; the second, ten ladders; the third, six ladders; and the fourth, two ladders. The men carrying the ladders will sling their guns on their shoulders, to be enabled to place the ladders wherever they may be required. The men will wear neither overcoats nor blankets, or anything that will impede the rapidity of their motions. The men will have the chin straps of their caps down. The arms, principally the bayonets, should be in perfect order." Behind the attacking infantry and the infantry reserve, cavalry would prowl the country to see that no man in the Alamo escaped.

At four o'clock in the morning the columns of assault were in place, encircling the Alamo. The moon had risen, its mild radiance softly outlining the irregular white walls of the fortress which betrayed not the slightest sign of life. The signal bugle sounded and the Mexican band struck up the savage air of Deguelo, or Cut-throat. The troops gave a cheer for Santa Anna and advanced at a run.

No sound came from the Alamo until the charging assailants were within easy rifle range. Then a flash, a roar, a pungent curtain of smoke. The Texans had let loose their guns loaded with grape-shot and scrap iron. They followed with a deadly fire of musketry. Gaps were torn in the attackers' ranks, but the impetus of the charge carried the survivors on.

A cheer from the Texans defending the north wall. The column of attack on that side had recoiled and was in full retreat. East, west and south Travis's men took heart and increased their fire. The east column faltered and fell back. The west fell back. The panic spread to the south column, which had reached the walls, and it broke and fled. The moonlit plain was dotted with the vague shapes of the fallen. Among them was Colonel Francisco Duque, commander of the north column, wounded and trampled to death trying to stem the rout of his men. The first assault on the Alamo had failed.

The confused masses were reformed into battalions. Battalions were regrouped for attack, commanding officers riding up and down exhorting their men. The east was growing gray and the stars were fading when the four columns again sprang forward over the pallid plain and the corpses of the dead. Again the dim advancing lines were staggered by a broadside from the walls. The east column recoiled, the west column recoiled, the north column recoiled. The sturdy south column, under Colonel José Vicente Miñón, tottered but came on, applying its scaling ladders to the walls.

The retreating east column veered to the right. The retreating west column veered to the left. These spontaneous movements had the effect of reinforcing the flanks of the north column which, though stopped, held its ground. Officers grasped the situation and drove this combined force (Continued on page 69)

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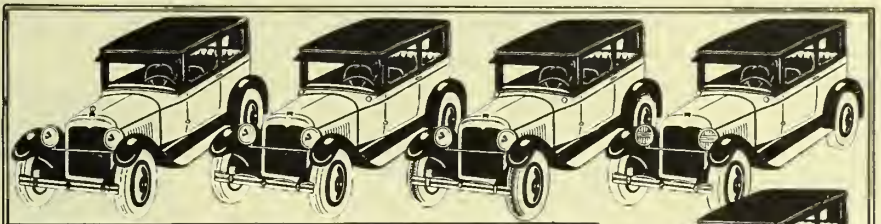
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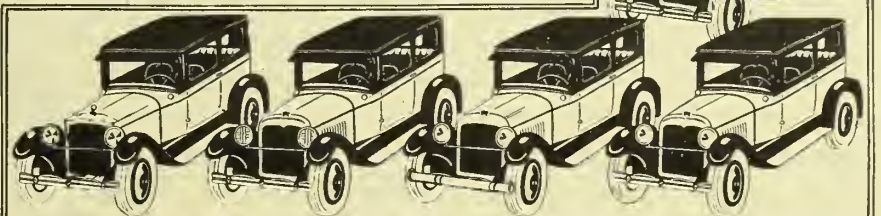
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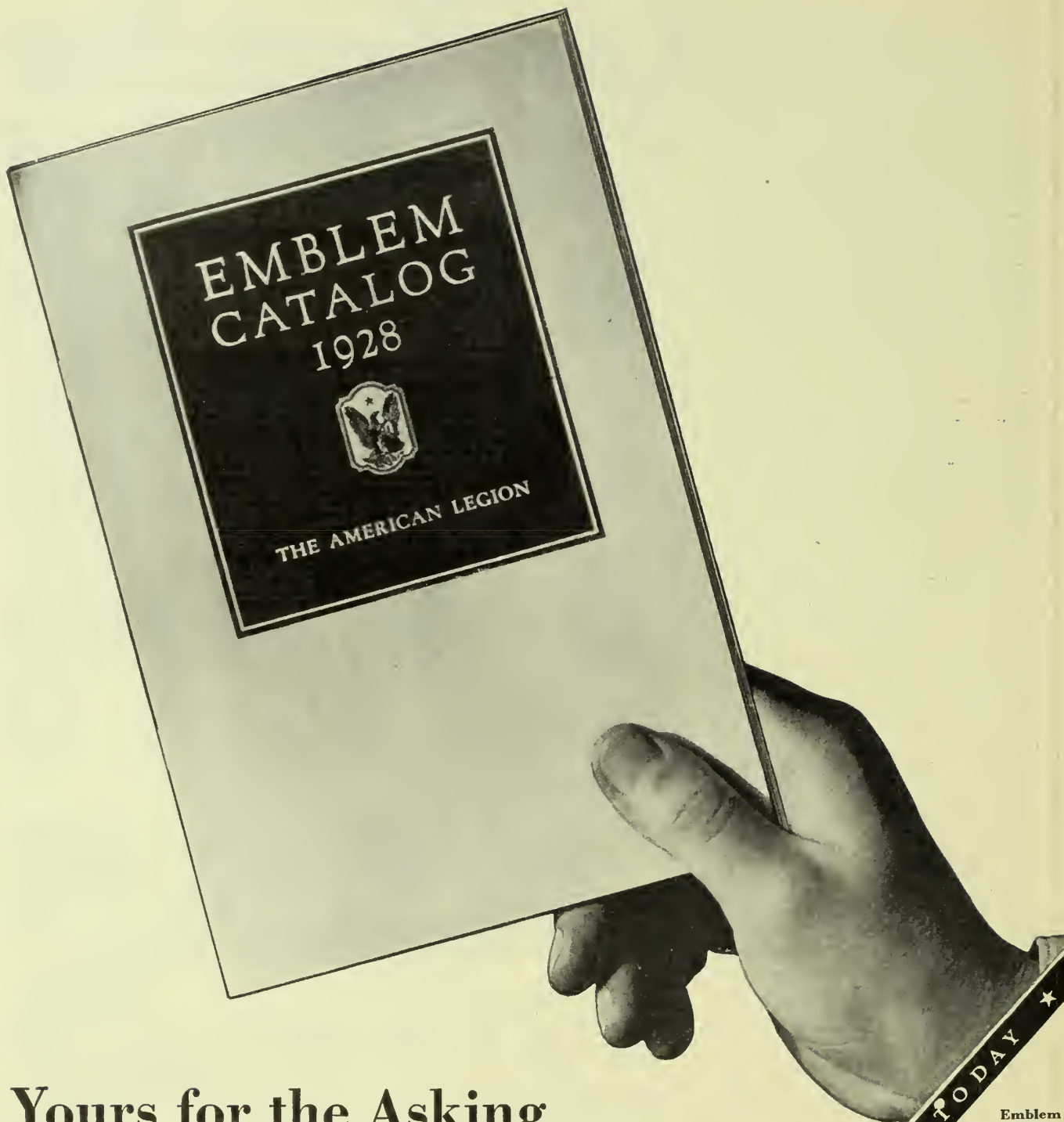
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4-28

The Siege of the Alamo

(Continued from page 67)

against the north wall in the face of a furious fire. The wall was reached, but the assailants had no heart left to try to scale it. They broke and fled. On the south side the fighting was hand to hand. The Mexicans climbed their ladders but the Texans beat them off with clubbed rifles and bowie knives, and this column retreated. The second assault had failed.

The break of day looked upon preparations within and without the Alamo for a renewal of the struggle. Travis and his band were in hard case, but full of fight. Their guns were hot and ammunition was low. There had been few casualties, but the men were very tired. Had the Mexicans launched their first attack as quietly as they had moved into position for it, that attack might have told the tale, as the Texans were sound asleep. The three pickets stationed outside the walls to observe the enemy must have been bayoneted in the first advance, for they gave no alarm. The alarm was given by a captain on the walls. Travis was on his feet instantly. Snatching up a rifle and his sword he called to Joe, his Negro servant, and ran across the plaza to a cannon at the northwest corner of the wall. "Come on, boys, the Mexicans are here!" The cheer for Santa Anna and the notes of Deguello helped to rouse the men. A click of equipment, the pit-pat of running feet and the ghostly battle lines took shape under the milky moon.

After two repulses the Mexican officers had some trouble getting their men in a mood for a third attack. But ranks were reformed and filled with reserves. The bugle sounded and the wave surged forward, officers beating the laggards with the flats of swords. The Mexicans varied their mode of assault. The east and west columns, never having met with success on the fronts assigned to them, swung over and joined the north column in storming that rampart. This consolidated force charged across the space swept by the Texans' cannon and reached the shadow of the wall where the cannon could not be trained to play upon them. "Nor could the defenders use their muskets with accuracy," wrote a Mexican general, "because the wall having no inner banquette, they had, in order to deliver their fire, to stand on top where they could not live for a second."

The wall was cleared and the scaling ladders flung up. The Mexicans tumbled over "like sheep," according to Travis's Joe. The commander of the Alamo fell with a ball through his head as he stood behind his useless cannon and made ready to fire his rifle. The Texans met the onrush with rifles, pistols, knives and their fists, but the Mexicans were too many. The defenders retreated across the plaza to the barracks that formed the east wall and to the church, also on the east side.

Meantime the southern column, which

had always struck vigorous blows, breached the wall and came through. A desperate fight ensued. The Mexicans fell in heaps. The Texans took refuge in a barrack building forming the west wall of the plaza and fought from room to room until not a man of their number remained alive.

On the east side of the plaza the fight went on in the barracks there. The Mexicans brought it to an end by dragging inside a howitzer filled with grape and firing it the length of the building. Fifteen Texans were found dead in front of the gun and forty Mexicans behind it. This building was used as a hospital, and according to one account Jim Bowie perished there propped up on his cot defending himself with two pistols.

The last point taken was the church. With his rifle "Betsy", Davy Crockett and the twelve from Tennessee held the inner gate to the little churchyard, firing until there was no longer time to load. Then clubbing their rifles and drawing their hunting knives from their belts, they dispatched twenty-five more of the enemy before the last backwoodsman fell. There was a brief struggle inside the church. The most plausible account says that Bowie died there, where he had been carried so his sister-in-law might nurse him. Both versions of Bowie's death declare he fought from his bed to the last and that his body was pitched about on the bayonets of the Mexican soldiers.

The last Texan soldier alive was supposed to blow up the powder magazine in the church. Major Robert Evans was shot down as he tried to apply a match. This seemed to complete the conquest. Across the corpse-strewn floor in a far corner huddled a little knot of women and children and a few slaves. The soldiers began to fling them roughly about. Mrs. A. M. Dickinson, the wife of a lieutenant who had perished on the walls, held her fifteen-months-old baby girl at her breast. At the woman's side crouched Asa Walker, a wounded gunner. Mrs. Dickinson pleaded for his life, but the Mexicans ran him through, tossing "his body on their bayonets as a farmer would handle a bundle of hay." The slanting sunlight, driving through holes in the roof, made patterns on a blood-stained wall. It was eight o'clock in the morning and the Alamo had fallen.

GENERAL Santa Anna gave Mrs. Dickinson a horse and sent her to spread the story of the Alamo and to say that such would be the story of any and all who opposed Santa Anna. The first person of consequence Mrs. Dickinson met was Sam Houston.

Houston had learned of the Alamo's plight at Washington, whither he had returned from the Indian country to help form a (Continued on page 70)



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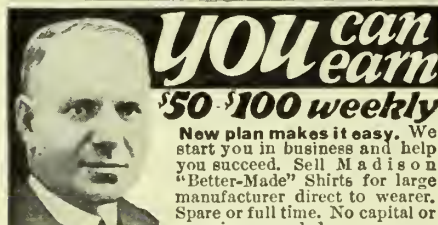
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STOP WORRYING

The Siege of the Alamo

(Continued from page 69)

new government for Texas. Independence was declared and Houston restored to the command of the armies. With four followers Houston set out for the front an hour after Travis's message reached Washington. Mrs. Dickinson told him it was too late to save Travis. Houston then sent for Fannin, hoping to lead that force—the only one now remaining in Texas—against the Mexicans. Again Fannin moved reluctantly and the Mexicans cornered him. He surrendered and with his entire command of four hundred twenty men was lined up and shot.

To the rallying cry of "Remember the Alamo!" Sam Houston raised seven hundred and fifty men out of the ground and ruled them with a discipline Texans never before had known. With the new government and the entire "rebel" population of Texas in panic and in flight Houston kept his head and managed his makeshift army. He out-marched and outmaneuvered Santa Anna and six weeks after the Alamo crushed him at San Jacinto in one of the most extraordinary battles of modern times.

Friends and Fellow Citizens

(Continued from page 25)

the early part of the war in this country, so did the Vorposten Halbflotille, its counterpart in the German navy. It was made up of fishing boats, yachts and other small craft fitted up for light patrol and scout duty. Herman Jahn joined this branch in 1915. But as the war proceeded submarines took the place of these light patrol boats, and Jahn was transferred to the marines.

As far as I was able to discover his was the most adventurous war experience among Charles A. Cusick Post's guests. He saw most of his action on the Russian and Italian fronts, and managed to win the Iron Cross, the Austrian medal for bravery in the face of the enemy (in silver), and the Austrian Kaiser Karl cross.

He was attached to the Austrian 4th Infantry on the Russian front in the spring of 1916. Then after he was wounded in the Russian offensive of that year (in which 150,000 German and Austrian prisoners were taken) and had recovered, he was transferred to the Austrian 25th on the Italian front. Here the Austrians made a victorious advance of 250 miles in the latter part of 1917. But in the fall of 1918 Jahn, for the second time, was in a disastrous retreat, which did not end until the division had reached the frontier. And by the time they reached there and got back into communication with civilization they learned that the war had actually been over for several days.

For days at a time in these retreats Jahn had to buckle his belt tighter instead of eating and sleep on wet ground without blankets. Six months after the Armistice his only brother, who served on the same front, died of tuberculosis.

One of Charles A. Cusick Post's veterans, Artie Batz, lost a leg twenty minutes after he went over the top with the 78th Division in the Argonne on the first of November, 1918. Emil Pfeiffer, 21st German Artillery Regiment, had been wounded in the same sector the year before by a high explosive shell that damaged his leg so badly that am-

putation was very nearly necessary. But it was not his first wound. For by the time he reached the Argonne Pfeiffer was a veteran who had already seen almost three years of constant fighting. He was in the Marne and had been previously wounded at Verdun. All in all, these ex-soldiers of Germany are quite an advertisement for the good work the German hospitals must have done to patch them up, again and again, for continued duty on the firing line.

One of the doctors who assisted the patching up process in Germany was Dr. Karl Griesinger, attached to the Bavarian Infantry. I found him hobnobbing with Charles A. Cusick Post's first commander, Dr. Edgar W. Roberts. Griesinger was in the Verdun sector in October, 1918, when Roberts, who went with the 29th Division, was wounded at Consenvoye. He was buried and somewhat messed up by a gas shell. Griesinger at the time was near Montfaucon, only five miles away. Dr. Roberts pointed out the positions to me on a worn military map which he got hold of while he was recovering from his injuries in the hospital. Now the two of them live in West New York.

I asked Dr. Griesinger how he finds life in America as compared to pre-war Germany.

"Well," he said, "it is hard to make a comparison because individual circumstances would make such a difference. I think on the whole people lived very comfortably in Germany before the war. Of course there isn't the rush and hurry in any of the European countries that is so characteristic of America. I don't believe the majority of the people in the Old World have to work so hard. But certainly with conditions as they are now I should be much worse off professionally in Germany. And for that matter I am sure America has always offered the most to the man who has his way to make.

"The greatest lesson I think America can teach to the rest of the world is tolerance to each other by people of

different nationalities. Only about half of my practice as a physician in West New York is among people of German descent. The rest are French, Italian, Slavic, in fact, all kinds of descent. They never think of looking upon me as a German. We are all Americans. Were I in my native city of Bremen it would be quite different. A foreign doctor in a European city usually finds his practice confined to his own nationality."

Another one of these on-coming German-American guests of Charles A. Cusick Post who has reason to appreciate the inter-racial good feeling that exists in America is John Ripkens, who not so long ago wrote himself as "Wehrmann Johann Ripkens, 7 Komp., Landw. Inf. Regt. 29." His home was in Viersen in the Rhineland. After gathering up an Iron Cross on the Western Front and a Verwundete Besitzeugnis for being twice wounded, shortly before the end of the war he was transferred to the Russian front. Upon receiving his discharge he returned to his beloved Rhineland to find it in possession of the troops of occupation. In fact the night he returned two Belgian soldiers were sleeping in his bed; and he had to spend his first night at home stretched out as best he could on some chairs.

There was John Blome, late 75th Landwehr Regiment. His company was ordered to the front four days after the declaration of war with France. He won his spurs as corporal. Then for conspicuous service in the German drive of 1916 in the Champagne he was skipped past the usual next step of promotion, sergeant feldwebel. His duties, as he explained them to me, were virtually the same as those of two lieutenants, together with whom, under a captain, he held command in a machine gun company. He couldn't get any higher than this, he explained, on account of having had only a common school education.

Blome was wounded four times, twice seriously, by shrapnel and a bullet. But after two years and a half in hospital he finished the war fighting with his old outfit in Flanders. Blome received three different tokens for bravery and conspicuous service, second and first Iron Crosses, and Hanseaten Cross. Probably a dozen or more of the forty-three former German soldiers had won the Iron Cross or other awards for bravery.

All of them had taken out first citizenship papers, and one or two of them already had their second papers. They all intend to take the final step toward American citizenship as soon as possible. But the majority of them have only been here three or four years. All of them I talked with have materially improved their condition economically by coming to this country. For instance, John Ripkens, who was a weaver in Viersen, is now foreman in a velvet mill. Emil Pfeiffer, who was a coal miner in Breslau, has become a skilled mechanic. Arthur Wollner and his brother John, who worked as paper hangers and painters by the day in Saxony, have now set up a thriving business of their own.

John, incidentally, helped to provide some of the (Continued on page 72)



1



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11

REWARD

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Friends and Fellow Citizens

(Continued from page 71)

evening's entertainment by stepping up to a blackboard and doing some quick cartoons. Pershing and von Hindenburg were his specialties in the military line.

Principal Woodworth of the night school says that the former German soldiers are among his keenest students. He co-operated in helping the Legion post pave the way for the meeting.

"When we first talked of it," Post Commander Irwin Rubenstein told me, "it impressed me right away as a fine idea. But I thought some of those who had lost more in the war than I had should have the deciding voice in whatever action the post might want to take. So I sounded out Fenster, who had lost a brother in the war, Batz, and Leo Honore, who was born and lived in France until he was eighteen years old. None of them had feelings of hostility toward these men who had fought for a cause that they believed to be right.

"Then it occurred to me that the Germans might not care to be our guests. So with Mr. Woodworth's help I checked up on how they felt about it. At my request he asked them if they would care to come should we invite them. Every one of them said yes. Well, then of course all that remained to be done was to put the matter to a formal vote and go ahead with the practical arrangements. I guess there never was any doubt about how the post felt about it as individuals. All that was necessary for any of us to make up our minds was to learn how the others felt."

Rubenstein was a private in the 38th Infantry, Third Division, and was in action in the Argonne. Leo Honore was one of the "others" whose attitude had a great deal of influence with many of the members. He was a sergeant with the 29th Engineers, received three citations, and saw action in the Toul, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne sectors. Until he was eighteen, as already stated, Honore lived in France—in Roubaix, right in the midst of the battle-scarred country around Lille. Several of his cousins fought for France, and three of them were killed in action. Honore attended The American Legion convention in Paris last fall. While there he had an opportunity to visit some of his relatives. What he learned of the attitude of these cousins of his who had fought for France helped in no small degree in making his own decision favorable to the idea of extending the hand of fellowship to the German veterans, just as his decision in turn influenced other members of the post.

"I think the veterans of France would approve of this," Honore said. "I am not sure about the rest of the French people. But the soldiers, like my cousins, who know what war is from first-hand experience, I am sure would give their approval. In fact I and my cousins talked some about what a fine thing it

A Cry That Has Echoed Through the Ages

The cry of the leper—outcast, unclean! A soul-wracking, melancholy cry that has resounded in the halls of time since Egypt was young and the pyramids were but a dream.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean," pleaded the lepers when the Man of Galilee walked among them nearly 2,000 years ago. And in His great compassion He laid His hands upon them and gave them comfort.

But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest leper colony at Culion in the Philippines.

And yet, these exiled and forgotten millions are suffering and dying needlessly. It is astounding but true that leprosy is curable. In five years, more than 1,000 of the milder cases have been cured at Culion and the patients returned to their homes. Now, only money is needed to provide increased personnel and equipment at Culion so that a perfected cure may be given to the lepers of the world. This was Leonard Wood's dream and it was he who asked the American people for help, just before his death.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean." Yes, the same old prayer, but this time it is addressed not to the Man of Galilee but to You. You can help rid the world of leprosy—Stamp it Out for all time—by simply sending your check to aid the heroic men and women who have buried themselves among the lepers and are devoting their lives to this great task.

Interesting information on this subject may be obtained by writing the National Chairman, General James G. Harbord, or better still, send your check to the National Treasurer, General Samuel McRoberts.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

would be if the veterans of the different countries could get together as an effective force to prevent future wars. What we had in mind pretty much I think was the FIDAC, which of course is made up of veterans who fought on the same side. But I don't believe that even they, close as the war was to them, hold anything against the former soldiers of Germany as individuals."

Besides his French cousins Honore had looked forward to meeting at the convention Phil Payne, who hopped off for the same objective in the ill-fated airplane *Old Glory*. Payne was a charter member of Charles A. Cusick Post, and Honore had been twice Commander, and is now Chairman of the Committee on Ceremonials of the Department of New Jersey.

I know that other Legion posts have in one way or another demonstrated the same sort of attitude toward the man who happened to be inside the uniform of field gray instead of olive drab. A

Legionnaire told me of encountering an ex-German soldier in up-state Pennsylvania who said his best friends belonged to the local Legion post, and he often attended their social gatherings. Another Legionnaire was present at the late convention in Paris when three former soldiers of France, Germany and America, respectively, engaged in friendly reminiscences around little café tables. Several Legion posts have also extended hospitality to ex-German soldiers who are now residents of this country in much the same manner that Charles A. Cusick Post did.

One thing I forgot to mention about this particular meeting. It lasted until 12:30 a. m. And it was mostly smoking and talking. Anyone could have left at any time. John Blome, who had to be on hand for his job in a restaurant, and Dr. Griesinger, who had a patient to see, did leave early. But they were just about the only ones of the Germans or of the Legion members who did.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 42)

and all former 42d Division men are requested to report to C. D. McCoy, City Hall, Columbus. Incidentally, the association's official publication, *Rainbow Reveille*, is still going to all active members.

The Chamber of Commerce, Springfield, Missouri, ably aided by the Legion, 40 and 8, United Spanish War Veterans, and auxiliaries, is making elaborate plans for the reunions of the 35th Division, the 203d Machine Gun Regiment, C. A. C., and the 49th Engineers which will be held on September 29th and 30th. General Pershing and the Governors of Missouri and Kansas are among the distinguished guests who have already accepted invitations. Particulars may be obtained from Dr. R. T. Peak, 515 Woodruff Building, Springfield.

Other announcements of interest to veterans follow:

THIRD (MARNE) DIV.—National convention in Boston, Mass., July 13-15. Address Walter J. Wells, secy., 44 Chetwynd rd., West Somerville, Mass.

FOURTH DIV.—Former members wanting copies of official publication, *Ivy Leaves*, and interested in proposed reunion, address Benj. Getzoff, chmn. membership com., 222 W. Adams st., Chicago, Ill.

FIFTH DIV.—Former members who do not receive official magazine, *The Red Diamond*, and who are interested in reunion planned for this fall, address Frank F. Barth, 20 West Jackson blvd., suite 602, Chicago, Ill.

40TH DIV.—Reunion to be held at Camp Kearny, San Diego, Cal., Nov. 10-12. Spanish fiesta, memorial exercises, general pow-wow and parade are programmed. Former Sunshiners are requested to report to 40th Div. Reunion Hq., Chamber of Commerce, San Diego.

80TH DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Fifth annual banquet Kugler's Restaurant, Philadelphia, Pa., Apr. 28. Movies of 80th Div. in action, Legion convention in Paris and 80th Div. reunion will be shown. Address Wm. C. Galleher, 3926 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

46TH INF., NINTH DIV.—Former members interested in reunion in Chicago or Indianapolis, Ind., address B. F. Siebert, 5526 W. Van Buren st., Chicago, Ill.

104TH INF. VET. ASSOC.—Ninth annual reunion in Greenfield, Mass., April 27-28, Apr. 28. Movies of 80th Div. in action, Legion convention in Paris and 80th Div. reunion will be shown. Address Earl McGuire, 75 West st., Greenfield, or Lawrence A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

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OUR exchange plan for back numbers of the Weekly to complete files is still operating, but mostly through correspondence. L. E. Steiner, Historian of Square Post of Chicago, Illinois, needs the following numbers to complete his post's files: Vol. I, Nos. 8 and 14, August 22 and October 3, 1910, respectively, and Vol. II, No. 24, July 9, 1920.

Department Adjutant Jas. J. Deighan of Pennsylvania wants a copy of Vol. II, No. 5, January 30, 1920, to complete his official file.

From James D. Reilly, Ipswich (Massachusetts) Post, we have a request for Vol. II, No. 6, February 6, 1920.

If anyone has any of the foregoing numbers available, will he please send them to the Company Clerk.

To carry out the exchange idea, readers, when requesting certain missing numbers, should furnish also a list of duplicate numbers which they have available for exchange.

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This is but one of a score of features in April Good Housekeeping; and April is but a single issue of the dozen coming this year—full of novels, stories, articles and departments of

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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 39)

satisfactory. The park yielded a profit above the upkeep and other current expenses and at the end of the season the Legionnaires asked the commissioners for a permanent contract. The post agrees to operate the park strictly for the public benefit, all the profits to be used for further improvements. Many added attractions are planned.

Rational Peace

THE eyes of the world are expected to turn toward Cleveland, Ohio, during the week of May 7th, when distinguished leaders of many nations assemble for the World Conference on International Justice to be held under the auspices of the American Peace Society. After a study of the history of the society and the purpose of the conference, resolutions expressing The American Legion's attitude of helpful encouragement toward the society and the conference have been adopted by the Cuyahoga County Council of The American Legion at Cleveland, the Executive Committee of the Department of Ohio and the National Executive Committee. These resolutions were based on the assumption that the society would continue to support the principles of an adequate American national defense.

The members of Legion committees which made studies of the American Peace Society and the proposed conference were convinced that the society differs from the many American so-called peace societies whose activities in recent years have been the promotion of extreme pacifism and unreasoning disarmament. The society proclaims as basic principles its belief that "in our ungoverned world of wholly independent units, it stands for national defense," and, furthermore, that "it believes the rational way to disarmament is to begin by disarming policies."

The Legion committee members were impressed by the society's record in the hundred years of its existence. The conference at Cleveland will mark the society's centennial anniversary and will be attended by a series of celebrations marking the event throughout Maine, the State in which lived William Ladd, the founder of the society. President

Coolidge is honorary chairman of the society's centennial celebration committee.

When War Came

THROUGHOUT its existence, the American Peace Society has worked for arbitration treaties and a law-governed world. Its efforts flowered in The Hague conferences. In 1871 it organized peace jubilees throughout the country. It sponsored peace congresses held in 1893, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913 and 1915. The Pan-American Congress, out of which grew the Pan-American Union, was authorized after the society had presented petitions to Congress. In 1917 the society announced its full support of the Government in carrying on the war and its official publication declared: "The supreme duty of every man, woman and child in America today . . . is to bend every possible effort to win and end the war."

Notable Americans who supported the society in its earlier years included William Ellery Channing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Sumner, John Greenleaf Whittier, William Jay, John C. Calhoun and Edward Everett Hale. Today Theodore E. Burton of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly United States Senator and now Congressman from Ohio, is president of the society, and former Ambassador David Jayne Hill is vice president. Senator Burton has often represented the United States in international affairs. In the Council of the Interparliamentary Union he is president of the American group. He was a member of the Debt Funding Commission which negotiated the agreements for settlement of the allied debts to the United States. He is a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives. The board of directors is composed of thirty-six leaders of American life. Elihu Root is an honorary vice president.

Legion Help

THE American Peace Society conference at Cleveland is expected to result in a co-ordination of many American agencies to place the peace movement upon enduring principles and to determine what (Continued on page 76)

Last Call for Photographs

ON April 15, 1928, The American Legion's \$250 Prize Photograph Competition ends. On April 16th the judges will award \$250 to the posts and individual Legionnaires that have submitted the fifteen photographs most suitable for publication in the Keeping Step department; photographs that are pictorial sermons on The American Legion's works and interests and ideals.

THE first prize is \$100. Other prizes are \$50 to \$5. Many photographs which do not win prizes will be paid for at \$3 each.

APRIL is an ideal month for making Legion photographs. Posts begin outdoor activities in April. The spring sunshine makes pictures sharp and clear. Every post that is doing outstanding work ought to have a photograph made to let the rest of the Legion know about it. It should be a picture full of life and action, taken in an attractive setting.

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Governor Flem D. Sampson signs the proclamation designating February as American Legion Membership Month in Kentucky while leaders of the Department are standing beside his desk in the statehouse at Frankfort

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 75)

is a rational peace program. President Coolidge is expected to speak at the conference and among those expected to attend are Aristide Briand, French Minister of Foreign Affairs; Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Minister of Foreign Affairs; Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German Minister of Foreign Affairs; Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Norwegian explorer; Alberto Pirelli of Italy, President of the International Chamber of Commerce, and Ignatz Seipel, Chancellor of Austria.

A special committee of the Cuyahoga County Council of The American Legion, headed by Harold H. Burton, former chairman of the council, is co-operating with the American Peace Society in making arrangements for the conference and preparing the program. Harold H. Burton is not related to Theodore E. Burton, the president of the Peace Society. The resolution expressing the attitude of the National Executive Committee was adopted after it had been presented and explained by Milo J. Warner, Ohio member of the committee.

route lists for Legionnaires motoring from any direction.

The convention committee is arranging for a series of three-day excursions, some of them into Old Mexico. The Chamber of Commerce of Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, 150 miles from San Antonio, has announced it will conduct a bullfight for visitors from the convention city and the best toreadors of Mexico will appear. In San Antonio a huge rodeo will be held.

"Fighting Joe" Thompson

THE entire American Legion joined the Department of Pennsylvania in mourning Joseph H. Thompson who died February 1st at his home in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, following a prolonged illness due to his wartime wounds. Commander of the Pennsylvania Department in 1921 and subsequently a candidate for National Commander, a former member of the National Executive Committee, a leading figure in FIDAC, the inter-allied organization of veterans' societies, "Fighting Joe" Thompson brought to the Legion a heroic record of war service. He was colonel of the 110th Infantry, 28th Division, was wounded five times and won many decorations for bravery, including the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Mr. Thompson was born in Ireland and came to the United States in his youth. He obtained his early education by attending night school, was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and won note as a lawyer. While attending the university he was captain of its championship football team two years. He was head coach of the team later for several years. He was also president of the Alumni Association of the university several years.

Entering the Pennsylvania National Guard as a buck private in 1913, Mr. Thompson won the rank of major on the Mexican Border. His overseas pro-

San Antonio Gets Ready

MARQUIS JAMES' article on the siege of the Alamo in this issue will appeal particularly to Legionnaires who expect to be in San Antonio next October when the Legion's tenth national convention is held. The Alamo is a national pilgrimage center.

The San Antonio national convention committee believes that in addition to the tens of thousands of Legionnaires who will arrive in Texas on special Legion trains, several thousands will come in their own automobiles. The first Legionnaire to write for road maps happened to be Howard P. Crosby, who lives in Fairfield, Maine, only five miles from the Canadian border. Mr. Crosby wrote he would drive through with his whole family. The Highway Department of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce has prepared special maps and

motions followed exceptional bravery in action. At Apremont, on September 29, 1918, he placed himself at the head of one hundred men and conducted a counter-attack which stood off advancing Germans for eight hours until reserves arrived. On the following day he led an attack by tanks upon strongly entrenched machine gun nests. In forty-eight hours of constant fighting he received several wounds, but refused medical aid until his troops had been relieved.

Mrs. Vye Thompson, Past President of the Pennsylvania Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, survives her husband with their son, Joseph H. Thompson, Jr.

Out In Front

BOSTON looked. So did New York City. So did Raleigh, North Carolina. So did more than sixteen thousand other cities and towns early in February. They saw, resplendent upon poster panels above passing crowds or along traffic-teeming highways, The American Legion's huge, many-colored posters proclaiming the Legion's character and works. Citizens of Boston and many other State capitals saw the poster panels mounted on steps of statehouses. New York City crowds saw it against the background of the entrance to City Hall. In Raleigh, North Carolina, Department Commander Albert L. Cox put on overalls and with Dr. H. O. Lineberger, Commander of Raleigh Post, and other Legionnaires helped paste the posters to a panel overlooking an important corner.

Governor Flem D. Sampson helped along the poster panel campaign in Kentucky by issuing a formal proclamation designating February as American Legion Membership Month. He signed the proclamation in the presence of Emmet O'Neal, Department Membership Chairman; Frank H. Luske, Commander of Frankfort Post; Frank D. Rash, Na-

tional Executive Committeeman; T. H. Hayden, Jr., Department Adjutant; and Walter B. Smith, Secretary to the Governor.

Virginia's Loss

DEATH halted a conference of all Post Commanders and Adjutants of the Virginia Department at Charlottesville on February 11th when Dr. Israel Brown, Department Commander, was stricken by heart disease while at breakfast at his hotel on the morning the conference was to have opened. Dr. Brown was an eminent physician of Norfolk, Virginia. He had driven to Charlottesville in an automobile with other members of the Norfolk Post and had seemed in the best of health and spirits.

Dr. Brown was the son of a South Carolina Confederate veteran of the Civil War and was fifty-five years old. As major and lieutenant colonel, he commanded the field hospitals of the Twentieth Division in its A. E. F. battles. He was a pioneer Legionnaire in Virginia and was known for his help to disabled service men. For more than a quarter of a century he served on the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital in Norfolk. He was a Past President of the Norfolk Medical Society. He served two terms in the Virginia Legislature and was prominent in the civic affairs of his city.

F. Clinton Knight of Alexandria, Department Vice Commander, succeeded Dr. Brown as Commander. Upon his call, posts throughout the State sent delegations to the funeral at which impressive Legion tributes were paid to Dr. Brown's memory.

Camouflage Pacifism

AN appeal to all the women of the United States to examine carefully the nature of all so-called peace propaganda move- (Continued on page 78)



Department Commander Albert L. Cox of North Carolina, in overalls, puts the last stroke on a Legion poster in Raleigh, one of the 16,000 towns and cities in which the posters were displayed in February

Most Amazing INVENTION in 25 years "Cleans Up" for Agents



FREE MACHINE FOR AGENTS

\$90

WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME!

Men, here is a wonder—the most sensational invention of the age! If you're looking for a rapid fire seller, an item that nets you 100% profit—an item that sells itself to 7 out of 10 men on demonstration—I've got it in Ve-Po-Ad, the amazing new vest pocket adding machine!

Sells for \$2.95—You Make \$1.65

This most remarkable invention does all the work of a \$300 adding machine, yet fits the vest pocket and sells for only \$2.95! It sells on sight to storekeepers, business men, and everyone who uses figures—and makes you over 100% profit on every sale! Ve-Po-Ad does any kind of figuring in a jiffy, yet weighs but 4 oz. Counts up to a billion. Shows total visible at all times. Perfectly accurate. Lightning fast. Never makes a mistake or gets out of order. Over 100,000 in daily use!

Get Your Machine FREE

Live wire salesmen are dropping everything else and flocking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and lots of it. Shaprio out in California made \$475 in one week! You can "clean up" too! Only 10 sales a day in spare time will bring YOU over \$95.00 a week! You need no previous sales experience—Ve-Po-Ad sells itself! If you are really interested in earning a steady, substantial income, write at once for full details of my **MONEY-MAKING PLAN** and **FREE VE-PO-AD** given to new Agents. Do it NOW—TODAY!

**C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 734
184 W. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.**

Agents! Amazing New One Stroke Window-Washer



One device makes window washing 75% easier. Washes, dries, polishes windows in a jiffy. Women wild about it! No more ladders to climb, no mussy rags nor sponges to wring. Hands never touch water.

MAKE \$90 A WEEK EASY

Every housewife wants it. Fascinating demonstrator. Sells fast. Make 100% profit. No experience needed. We show you how. Send for big Catalog of this and 47 other fast-selling Quality Rubber Products. Direct from Akron, the Rubber City. **FREE** Outfit to hustlers. **WRITE QUICK!** **KRISTEE MFG. CO., 164 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO.**

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR



During the last 9 years 99.5% of our graduates have been offered positions as Traffic Inspectors at definite salaries, plus expenses a few days after completing their studies. Traffic Inspectors start at \$120 or more per month and rise rapidly to \$175, \$200 or \$250 per month. **MAIN:** As a Railway Traffic Inspector, you are practically your own boss, see new faces and places each minute, report only to high officials, are rapidly advanced. It's healthful outdoor work, with regular hours.

Hundreds of Satisfied Graduates

Write today for free booklet giving full details and contract agreeing to assist you to a position after graduation, or refund your money. **STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INST., Div. 24, Buffalo, N. Y.**

EARN UP TO \$250 per month SALARY

ANY PHOTO OR SNAPSHOT ENLARGED



FOR ONLY 48c \$5.00 Value

Safe Return of Your Picture Guaranteed! Don't send any money. Simply mail snapshot or photo. Full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc. or enlargement of any part of group picture. 11 x 14 lifelike enlargement will be returned within a week. Guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 48c plus postage. If preferred send 50c with order, and we will prepay postage.

FREE Mail photo TODAY and we will mail you our circular telling you how to get a beautiful \$5.00 polychrome frame absolutely free of charge. Take advantage of this offer and MAIL PHOTO TODAY.

PATHE ART STUDIOS 6 WEST RANDOLPH STREET Dept. 102, CHICAGO, ILL.

500 Copies In 20 Minutes

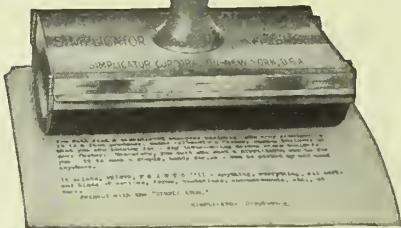
of any typed or written matter
from one dry stencil—with

SIMPLICATOR

The Desk Duplicator

1. Typewrite or Draw on DRY Stencil.
2. Clamp on the Simplicator.
3. Print 25 Copies a Minute from Original.

TO SALESMEN:
You make over 100 per cent Profit in Dozen Lots.
You can easily develop a Large "Supply" Business.
Exclusive Territory Open.



HUNDREDS USED IN N. Y. CITY SCHOOLS

Being used by Offices, Schools, Stores, Restaurants, Churches, Clubs, Business and Social Organizations.

Post Card and Note Size Outfit \$15.00
Latter Size Outfit \$25.00

We will mail you complete outfit, of either size, on receipt of Money Order, or by Parcel Post, C. O. D. Satisfaction guaranteed, or full purchase price refunded if returned in 10 days.

SIMPLICATOR CORPORATION

136-D Liberty Street

New York City



Collar and Cuff Links Given

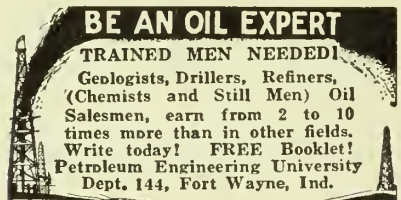
small Elite Diamonds.

address and finger size. On arrival pay postman \$3.89 and postage. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Write today. Cash with Canadian or foreign orders.

ELITE JEWELRY HOUSE Dept. 408, 609 S. Paulina St. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

8 Sure Blooming Roses \$1 Post Paid

Immense production brings this bargain to you. All on own roots. Will grow true to name. Gorgeous blooms. Send \$1 today for 8 bushes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Beautiful "New Guide to Rose Culture" free on request. Postal brings it. The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 449, West Grove, Pa.



BE AN OIL EXPERT

TRAINED MEN NEEDED!

Geologists, Drillers, Refiners, (Chemists and Still Men) Oil Salesmen, earn from 2 to 10 times more than in other fields. Write today! FREE Booklet! Petroleum Engineering University Dept. 144, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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\$35 TO \$75 WEEKLY

() Railway Mail Clerk	() Meat Inspector
() P. O. Clerk	() Special Agent
() Forest Ranger	() (Investigator)
() File Clerk	() Steno-Typist
() Matron	() Immigrant Insp.
() General Clerk	() City Mail Carrier
() Chauffeur-Carrier	() Border Patrol
() Skilled Laborer	() Typist
() Watchman	() Seamstress
() Postmaster	() Steno-Secretary
() RFD Carrier	() Auditor

MR. OZMENT, Instruction Bureau, 110, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me particulars about qualifying for positions marked "X", salaries, locations, opportunities, etc.

Name.....
Address.....

AGE 18 TO 55

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 77)

ments was expressed by the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense held in Washington in February under the auspices of The American Legion Auxiliary, the Daughters of the American Revolution and thirty other women's organizations. In discussions which attended the adoption of a resolution embodying the appeal, it was emphasized that many proposals for peace by disarmament are based on grotesque assumptions and ignore utterly present world conditions. It was emphasized also that Americans are being misled by uninformed emotionalists who are declaring that America is so strong and so independent of world affairs that it can afford to set an example by deliberately weakening its Army and Navy to the point of defenselessness. The need of continuous effort against the false prophets of premature disarmament was described by many notable speakers, including cabinet members, General Pershing and members of the Senate and House.

One third of the delegates attending the conference were members of The American Legion Auxiliary, and Mrs. Irene McIntyre Walbridge, National President of the Auxiliary, was vice chairman of the conference, presiding alternately with the chairman, Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President of the D. A. R.

The conference endorsed the naval building program pending in Congress at the time it met. It also adopted resolutions urging the carrying out of the National Defense Act, the maintenance of an adequate American merchant marine, the combating of radical activities, the further limitation of immigration, strengthening of the National Guard, the R. O. T. C. and the C. M. T. C., the passage of the Tyson-Fitzgerald measure for the retirement of disabled emergency officers and the adoption of the Legion-sponsored Universal Draft Bill.

Among Those Present

AMERICAN Legion posts in San Francisco and New York and way points claim as members most of the former A. E. F. generals named in Ared White's article, "Unknown Birthdays," in this issue. Hunter Liggett is a member of California Post of San Francisco. Robert Lee Bullard belongs to Tiger Post of New York City, and Charles P. Summerall is a member of First Division Lieutenant Jeff Feigl Post, also of New York City. Henry T. Allen is enrolled with George Washington Post of Washington, D. C., and in neighboring Baltimore, German H. H. Emory Post has Legionnaire Adelbert Cronkhite. John L. Hines belongs to Greenbrier Post of Roncerverte, West Virginia, and W. M. Wright is on the roster of Union Post of New York City. Charles T. Menoher is a Legionnaire of Augustus P. Gardner Post of Washington, D. C. The late Joseph T. Dickman was a Legionnaire



A.E.F. In Action

Original lithographs by the premier
French War Artist—Lucien Jonas.

Americans in France—Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, the Argonne—action, shelling, attacks—drawn in the style that made Jonas the strongest artist of the war; size 18 x 22 in., on heavy paper. Striking pictures of vivid scenes for every ex-service man; for the home and Post walls. Also war posters. Bargains.

Write today for illustrated folder

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PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form. groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.
SEND NO MONEY
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 95c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.
Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.



UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. 334, Chicago, Ill.

Agents \$72 a Week

Can Be Made
Sell finest line New Guaranteed Hosiery you ever saw. For men, women, children. All kinds. 126 styles, colors. Written guarantee to wear 6 months or new hose free.
New Auto Given We furnish you with new Auto to travel in. Write today for new selling plan. We deliver or you deliver—suit yourself. No experience needed. No license fee to pay. Credit given. \$2.00 an hour for Spare Time Easily Made. Exclusive territory. Our New line Silk Hosiery can't be beat. Write quick for samples.
WILKNIT HOSIERY COMPANY
No. 1705 Greenfield, Ohio

GRAVE MARKERS

for
WORLD WAR VETERANS, G. A. R.,
Veteran 1861-1865, S. W. V.,
V. F. W., S. of U. V.

Send for Our 24 Page Catalogue
TRENTON EMBLEM COMPANY

130 Hamilton Ave., Trenton, N. J.



AUTO KEYS 25c

MADE Send name and number of lock EACH
Any type key duplicated from sample 2 for 25c
Special rates to Clubs and Organizations.

PHILADELPHIA KEY CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.



Match Your Coat and Vest With New Trousers. Free Sample

DON'T DISCARD YOUR OLD SUIT. Wear the coat and vest another year by getting new trousers to match. Tailored to your measure. With 90,000 patterns to select from we can match almost any pattern. Send vest or sample of cloth today, and we will submit FREE best match obtainable.

AMERICAN MATCH PANTS CO.,
Dept. C, A., 6 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.
The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

while commanding the Eighth Corps Area with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and William G. Haan, who died in 1924, was a member of Alonzo Cudworth Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Ared White, author of the article, a pioneer Legionnaire, was a leader in the Paris Caucus.

Harvey Dunn, who designed the cover for this issue, belongs to DeWitt Coleman Post of Tenafly, New Jersey. . . . Karl W. Detzer is a member of Bowen-

Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan, and V. E. Pyles, who made the illustrations for Mr. Detzer's story, is a member of 107th Infantry Post of New York City. . . . Marquis James and Steuart M. Emery are members of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. . . . Stetson Clark belongs to Advertising Men's Post of New York City. . . . Alexander Gardiner is a member of Rau-Locke Post of Hartford, Connecticut.

RIGHT GUIDE

A Personal View

(Continued from page 35)

Bulletin of Los Angeles! The *Pacific Legion* remains a master hand in drawing the advertisers. The "Who Won the War?" by an M. P. in the *Ohio Counsellor* is good stuff. He is both a humorous and human M. P. Every paper has its problems, its battle. Every editor is making spare time from his other work for Legion work, boning contributors for copy, admonishing the recalcitrant for dues, campaigning for new members—town criers of the Legion. The Weston (West Virginia) *Legionnaire* says that to "look hard when we are mad" has brought in the recalcitrant and *Yankee Doings* has found "peaceful penetration" successful. Editors and adjutants are the Legion squads of eternal vigilance. Commanders change; many editors, once they have the job wished on them, seem tied to it. Again, I wonder which editor has the longest service.

SOME PEOPLE THINK direct primaries are a mistake. But they are in effect in some States. If so in your State, do your duty under the method as it is by registering your choice for President. It is your chance of expressing your opinion to get the right candidates.

Now the Primaries

EARL HAIG WAS the first of the great Allied commanders to die. His "backs to the wall," summoning last ditch British courage against the great German drive of March, '18, will live while England lives.

At bottom Haig was Scotch and on the whole all British, as Foch was French,

Hindenburg German, and Pershing American—each a great incarnate example of the national type.

ENGLAND MADE HAIG an earl. Parliament gave him a grant of \$500,000 so he could live up to his title. The public subscribed more than

The Way of England

Pershing his general's. Joffre is taking it very easy; Foch is very lively; and Pershing looks younger than five years ago.

POLITICS BOILING FROM now on to November. Every good citizen wants the best candidate of either party forward

Where Do They Stand?

and has an idea of how he wants the country run. How are we to know how a candidate will run the country if we do not know his views? Sometimes his advisers think it is good politics to express no views at all, so it will appear that his views agree with everybody's. Every candidate should let us know his stand on public questions.

THOMAS A. EDISON, venerable dean of promoters, turns to cocoanut growing in his old age. Youth craves the city; white hairs crave gardens. In old age we turn back to the soil as to the great mother. Edison would not be Edison if he did not try to grow the biggest and best cocoanut yet. And he has succeeded; and is boyishly proud of it.

Now for Cocoanuts

Unknown Birthdays

The general officers whose pictures appear on pages 30 and 31 are:

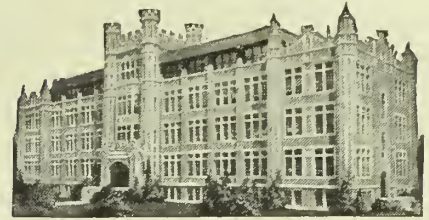
Page 30, top row, left to right: Hunter Liggett, Charles T. Menoher, Henry T. Allen.

Page 30, bottom, left to right: C. P. Summerall, William G. Haan.

Page 31, top row, left to right: Robert Lee Bullard, Joseph T. Dickman, John L. Hines, William M. Wright.

Page 31, bottom, left to right: Adelbert Cronkhite, Charles H. Muir.

For details of the Legion affiliations of these officers see the *Keeping Step* department, page 78.



Go to High School at Home

You can secure a high school education right at home by studying the splendid new courses recently prepared by the International Correspondence Schools.

These courses are equivalent to the courses given in resident high schools. They have been specially arranged for men and women who wish to meet college entrance examinations, to qualify for a business position, or to make up the education they missed when forced to leave school too soon. A diploma is awarded at graduation.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

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Box 7580-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course before which I have marked an X:

- ☐ College Preparatory Course
- ☐ High School Commercial Course
- ☐ High School English Course
- ☐ High School Vocational Course

Name.....

Address.....



Get Into The Shoe Business Without Investment!

We start you. Inexperienced workers earn \$3,000 yearly with our direct-to-wearer plan. Easy to take orders. Just show the famous Tanners line of shoes and hosiery for Men, Women and Children. We tell how and where to sell. Patented measurement system insures perfect fit. Big facilities guarantee prompt deliveries. You collect your pay daily. We furnish \$40.00 outfit containing actual shoes and actual hosiery—a larger variety of styles and sizes than any store. Send for free book "Getting Ahead" and full particulars. No obligation. Write now!

Experience Unnecessary!

Tanners Shoe Manufacturing Co.
224 South C Street Boston, Mass.

LEARN to be a WATCHMAKER

Fine trade commanding a good salary. Positions ready for every graduate. Largest and best school in America. We teach watch work, jewelry, engraving, clock work, optics, aviation and other fine instrument repair. Tuition reasonable. A \$5,000,000 endowed school.

FREE CATALOG

BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
Peoria Dept. 6 Illinois



MEN WANTED FOR RAILROADS

Nearest their homes—everywhere—to train for Firemen, Brakemen; beginners \$150-\$250 monthly. Promoted to Conductor or Engineer—\$3,000-\$4,000 yearly—highest wages on railroads. Also clerks.

Railway Educational Association, Dept. 031-4, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOWEST PRICES BIGGEST COMMISSIONS!

EARN \$10 DAILY while qualifying for permanent position paying regular salary of \$72 weekly!

Our leading value, — Genuine "Style Tailored" broadcloth shirts at the heretofore unheard of price of 2 for only \$2.95 makes this possible. Line consists of a variety of nearly 100 large size samples, America's best Howard Shirts and Neckties, known the world over for their superior quality and low prices, on which we pay 25% commissions, sell on sight.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Experience in selling is not necessary, — we'll teach you how to go over the top in short order. Write quickly for Elaborate Outfit. It's Free as long as our limited supply lasts.

HOWARD SHIRT COMPANY Dept. 227
1213 Van Buren Street, Chicago

BIG OUTFIT FREE!



finish this DRAWING



FINISH this drawing of the tennis girl. And send it to us. It's fun! If you like to draw, you should by all means train and develop your talent. Good drawings and designs for advertisements, posters, booklets, catalogs, etc., are a necessity to modern advertising, and men and women with ability to make them are well paid.

Test Your Art Ability Free

When we receive your drawing, we will send you a correct print of the complete original drawing, and also our Art Ability Questionnaire. This interesting test reveals your natural sense of design, color, proportion, perspective, etc.

Learn in Your Spare Time at Home

The Federal Course has transformed hundreds of amateurs into successful Commercial Artists earning \$2000, \$4000, \$5000, and \$6000 a year—some much more. Federal Training is thorough, practical, gives you the finest of personal criticism, and brings you to the earning point in the shortest possible time. Send us your drawing, and be sure to write your name, address, age and occupation in the margin.

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JOHN HANCOCK SERIES

Declaration of Independence

WE have issued an officially approved facsimile parchment copy of the famous Declaration, suitable for framing.

You may have one of these, Free of charge, upon written application to INQUIRY BUREAU

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
197 Clarendon St., Boston

Please send me FREE facsimile of the Declaration of Independence. (I enclose 5c. to cover postage.)

Name.....

Address.....

A.L.M.

SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR OF BUSINESS

Bursts and Duds

(Continued from page 44)

WHAT A BREAK!

A wealthy citizen who had tasted most of life's pleasures was feeling low. Nothing specific seemed to be the matter, but low he was. So he called his physician.

"Doctor," he complained, "I'm sick of everything."

"Great."

SOMETHING WRONG

Ethel: "Grandpa's getting pretty old and feeble, isn't he?"



Billie: "Oh, grandpa isn't so bad."

Ethel: "He isn't? I know for a fact that he tried for three hours last night to pick up a

flapper in the park, and he didn't have any luck."

FAVORITISM

Two little boys had misbehaved in school, and as a punishment the teacher told them they would have to stay late and that each must write his name one hundred times. On hearing this, one of them burst into tears.

"Tain't fair!" he cried. "His name is Lee and mine's Kestenbaumenstein."

THE INSULT

"And," continued the witness on the stand, "he sat there—as sober as a judge—"

"Here!" interrupted the court angrily. "I'll have you understand I'm not sober."

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

"Is the hemlock ready, Plato?" inquired Socrates.

"The warden says there is none in stock, master," replied Plato. "But the State has just received a shipment of stuff from America which they believe to be better and more efficacious."

ONE FINAL REQUEST

"Have you any last message?" asked the warden, just before the trap was to be sprung.

"I'll say so," was the victim's answer. "Tell the prosecuting attorney to go to hell."

SPEED

"So you think you'll make this boy heavyweight champ, eh?" asked a reporter. "Is he fast?"

"Fast?" snorted the manager and

press agent. "Say, that boy's so fast he does his sparring practice with an airplane propeller."

TO BE CONTINUED

Her: "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I became engaged to Tom last night."

It: "Well, how about next week, then?"

ENDORSEMENT

"They laughed when I sat down at the piano."

"But why? Didn't they know how well you play?"

"Oh, yes, but there was a tack on the piano stool."

THE PHYSICAL WRECK

"My dear," she gushed. "I nearly died when I was in the country last summer!"

"Were you ill?" he asked sympathetically.

"Was I ill! It was awful! I gained five pounds!"

WISDOM WAITS

"Mother, I want to get married."

"No, my dear, you are not wise enough."

"When shall I be wise enough?"

"When you get over the idea that you want to get married."

SUCH A JOKER!

Ethel was sitting on the beach giggling when Bess came along and asked the reason.

"Oh, but isn't George the cut-up?" replied Ethel, between gasps of laughter.

"Yes, but where is he now?" Bess wanted to know.

"Well, he made a comic dive a while ago, and for the longest time he's been down under the water blowing bubbles for me."



THE BASER ORE

"Remember, dearie," counseled a gold-digger to her friend, who was feeling slightly despondent, "every cloud has a silver lining."

"Yeah?" yawned the other girl who knew a nest egg when it was laid. "That doesn't interest me at all."

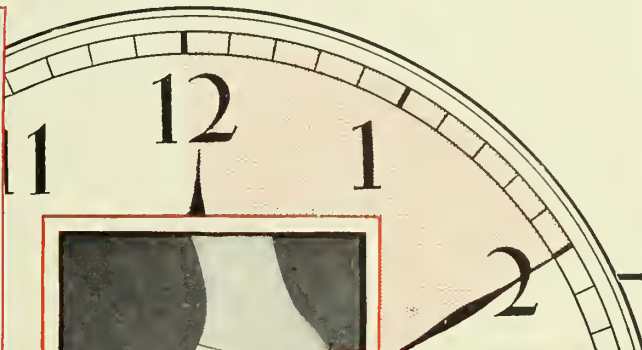
Wait 10 Minutes! Then— Foot Pains Go

**LIKE
THIS**



①

Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.



②

A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.



③

You walk, stand and dance with ease. Wear stylish shoes with comfort. Feet are permanently well.

TODAY the medical world knows the actual source of practically all foot troubles. It has proved that 94 in every 100 foot and leg pains are caused by the weakened foot muscles. By supporting and strengthening these muscles pains vanish like magic. Long standing troubles are permanently remedied. New troubles that may become serious are quickly stopped.

Now we ask you to make a simple and amazing test that specialists everywhere are urging. Free if it fails. And if it ends pains instantly, as millions know it will, you pay but a few cents. Do not delay another day in letting this discovery prove its powers.

No rigid plates. You wear the most stylish shoes

Difficult as foot troubles might seem to correct, science offers you a simple yet astonishingly effective remedy. A thin, light super-elastic band is provided, known as the Jung Arch Brace. It stops pain in 10 minutes. And is recommended by scientists as the greatest foot corrective adjunct of the age. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension and stretch, in its scientific contour and design.

For severe cases a soft calfskin pocket containing an exceedingly soft cushion rubber lift is attached to the brace and is urgently advised. Slip it on, that is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably.

Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to mis-shape shoe. For at best rigid supports merely offer temporary relief. But on this new principle results are permanent. Soon band

may be discarded. Feet are well to stay.

No need now to wear high-priced unfashionable arch support shoes so easily detected by others.

Science has discovered the source of 94% of all foot and leg pains. Tired, aching or burning feet are quickly relieved. That dull, tired ache in the calf of the leg, knee or thigh so often diagnosed as rheumatism, disappears. Aches or pains in the heel, instep or forward part of the foot, as well as the ankle, calf and knee are quickly overcome. Cramped toes, calluses and tenderness beneath the instep are promptly relieved. Sharp pains, when stepping on uneven surfaces, are stopped. Shoes cease to feel uncomfortable. That tired "broken-down" feeling vanishes. *We urge you to make the amazing 10-minute test explained here.*

Make this amazing 10-minute test

No matter what appliances you have tried—no matter how impossible your case may seem—make this simple test today. 2,000,000 people say it performs miracles.

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Make this free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting relief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES

If your dealer hasn't them, we will supply you. Send us measurement of foot taken with a half-inch strip of paper around the smallest part of your instep just back of toe joints, or size and width of shoe.

We will immediately send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces. Pay the postman prices shown in coupon plus postage. Postage prepaid if money accompanies order.

For severe cases, we recommend the cushion lift styles. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, we will send every penny back immediately.

Write for this free booklet

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles.

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co., 314 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR SEVERE CASES —with cushion lift	FOR MILD CASES —without cushion lift
<input type="checkbox"/> BANNER (medium) \$2	<input type="checkbox"/> WONDER (medium) \$1
<input type="checkbox"/> VICTOR (long) \$2.50	<input type="checkbox"/> MIRACLE (long) \$1.50
<input type="checkbox"/> Money enclosed. <input type="checkbox"/> Send C. O. D. plus postage.	
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....	
Name.....	
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